



CAMPBELL'S

# FOREIGN SEMI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## LINES ON THE DEATH OF CAMPBELL THE POET.

From the Court Journal.

Who hath not felt the sympathizing tear,  
While bending o'er the Poet's sacred bier?  
Who hath not dwelt in raptures o'er the past,  
And learnt from him of "Pleasures" long to  
last—  
"Of Hope," which charms, which cheers us in  
life's day,  
And bears at last the Christian's soul away,  
On his bright wings, to regions yet more bright,  
Where endless joys await his Heav'nward flight,  
Swift as the bird from fowler's net set free,  
Rejoicing in its new-found liberty?

Who doth not feel his heart for Gertrude burn,  
Or Eden in fair Wyoming discern?  
What noble thoughts on Linden's plains were  
thine  
Of bugles, guns, and watchwords—every line  
Full fraught with warlike deeds. On Baltic's  
shore  
Proud Britain's pennon waves;—the battle's  
o'er—  
His classic grace lends beauty to each page,  
And Fame shall sound his name from age to age.  
He's gone! and may the bliss, the hope he gave  
Be more than realized beyond the grave  
To him, the gentle Poet and the friend;  
(We mourn a life like his so soon should end;)  
Be Hope our beacon to that world above,  
Where we shall meet in purest, holiest love.

BELINDA.

## POPULAR POETRY OF THE BRETONS.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

*Barzas Breiz. Chants Populaires de la Bretagne, recueillis et publiés, avec une Traduction Française, des Eclaircissements, des Notes, et les Mélodies originales.* (Popular Songs of Brittany, &c.) Par M. de la Villemarqué. 2 tom. Paris. 1839.

In a recent article on the habits and superstitions of the Bretons,\* we prepared

our readers for the subject upon which we now propose to enter. In that article we depicted the social and moral characteristics of the Bretons; their 'way of life,' primitive, antique, and uniform, presenting in the midst of the refinements and transitions of modern civilization, a sort of petrified specimen of the middle ages; their religious enthusiasm, their aboriginal hospitality, and their superstition. An inquiry into the Popular Poetry of the Bretons will form a proper pendant to that picture. The poetry that exists familiarly amongst a

\* The Sept. No. 1843, of Ec. M.

people, giving a voice to their domestic affections and national usages, is generally the safest, as it is always the most confidential, exponent of their history and character.

It would carry us out of the line which, for the sake of clearness, we have prescribed to ourselves in this paper, were we to venture at large into the general subject of Breton poetry. It will be as much as we can now accomplish to lay before the reader a complete view of the ballad poetry of Brittany; which, however, like ballad poetry in general, amongst races who continue to preserve their early simplicity, embraces in its various forms nearly every aspect of their poetical genius. By this strict limitation of our design, we escape the half-historical problems which lie on the borders of the old Breton romances, and reserve for future and separate consideration the longer, but intrinsically less interesting poems of a still earlier age, and which, in fact exercise very little present influence over the tastes or feelings of the people. It is more true of the Bretons, perhaps, than of any other distinct race in Europe, that their ballad poetry—comprising the songs of every class, serious and humorous, religious, festive, and mournful—presents a perfect epitome of their whole literature. Indeed the Bretons possess no other living literature. All the rest is ancient and traditional, while this alone goes on receiving occasional accessions, but without undergoing the slightest modification in style or spirit.

Before we touch upon the collection of ballads, to which in the volumes of M. Villemarqué, we shall presently refer in detail, it will be desirable to say a few words about the popular poetry of the Bretons generally, by way of introduction to the examples we shall adopt from his pages.

When Brittany was united to France, she lost much of her peculiar physiognomy by the change. With her independence went something of her individuality as a separate people; and, although, to this hour, Brittany is so essentially different from the rest of France, that the moment the traveller crosses the bridge of Pontorson, which separates Brittany from Normandy, he becomes as conscious of a new race as if he had passed into a new atmosphere, yet the Bretons themselves are sensible of the influence of altered institutions, increased intercourse outwards, and the rush of a strange moving population, with

unfamiliar costumes and ever-shifting fashions, through the very core of their territory. This influence has not been without its visible effect upon the people in the immediate neighborhood of the great highways; while in the remote interior very little external modification of the primitive manners can be detected, notwithstanding that some movement of decay or progress must have set in every where over the country.

But whatever changes may take place, or may possibly be fermenting in a nation, its poetry is always the last to forsake the soil. It even lingers long after the sources of its inspiration have perished, long after its allusions have ceased to be understood, or its peculiar forms preserved; and when it is no longer a living principle, it continues to haunt the old place in the shape of a tradition. Thus it was, and is, with the poetry of Brittany. The higher classes had abandoned their nationality, sold it, bartered it for places or for honors, for they are always the first to be reached or corrupted by foreign influences:—the poor cherished their nationality still. With their old national rights and usages the rich gave up also their old poetry. What business had they with a Muse who could only remind them of the associations they had relinquished, of the reverend customs and traditional faith they had renounced? Turned out of doors at the chateaux, like an acquaintance of former days who had all of a sudden gone out of fashion, or out at elbows, and of whom people of rank and station had grown ashamed, this discarded Muse knocked at the doors of the cabins, and was received with joy and enthusiasm. There she has lingered ever since, lovingly protected in the hearts of the peasantry, the companion of their solitary thoughts, and the intimate participator in their woes and pleasures.

Surviving thus, however, in the domestic affections of the people, it still became necessary to change something of her habits or style. She was still the same Muse as ever, faithful to her nationality, but she was now placed in a new state of society, and surrounded by new forms and new classes of men. She had no longer to speak to chevaliers about the historical glories of their houses, the prowess of their ancestors, their loves, their feats of arms,—or to fine ladies about their vows or their beauty—but to the common people, in a common language they could universally understand. Instead of being the muse of

princesses and knights in arms, this poor fallen Muse of Brittany was compelled to be satisfied with being simply the Muse of men and women; she was obliged to lay aside her fine spangled court suit, and to go work in a blouse with real nature. It is needless to say how much she gained by her fall, by the loss of all that fictitious splendor in which she was wont to bask, how much more natural and truthful she became, how much healthier and sounder, how much more vigorous and elastic. Hence all the Breton poems that have descended from that period, are distinguished by their freedom from artifice, their naked truth, and bold simplicity. Here and there a few traces of the old *lais* may be detected—just as a broken light may seem to linger on the summits of hills long after the sun is actually set—but their traces are nothing more than reminiscences of the antique spirit breathed unconsciously into the comparatively modern verse.

The ballads which grew up under those circumstances, and which, consequently, do not date farther back than the close of the fifteenth century, still survive amongst the people in all their early purity, and in such numbers, that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to form any thing like an estimate of their extent. They exhibit great propriety of diction, perfect regularity in the stanza, and a metrical elegance that could scarcely have been expected from such sources. Those which are written in the Celtic language (and which, of course, refer to a very ancient period) are almost invariably found in association with some well-known national air; the music in such cases forming so completely an integral part, or original element, so to speak, of the composition, that it is never to be traced in a separate state of existence from the words, nor could the words be recovered by the singer except by the help of the music. These pieces are always sung throughout, from the commencement to the end, which frequently involves a very laborious operation, as they are sometimes of a most extravagant length. Souvestre confidently asserts that, in some cases, a man could not finish one of these songs in a day. The only circumstance which can possibly entitle such productions as these to the name and functions of song is the shape, musical and metrical, in which they are written.

Of the more modern ballads, the great majority are composed without much system, and sung, as birds sing, out of a kind of

impulse, with a remarkably melodious instinct, but, at the same time, an entire independence of all rules. The singer is, in most cases, the composer; generally a young candidate for the priesthood, under the influence of a love-melancholy,—a village schoolmaster, taking advantage of his superior attainments to astonish the natives—some forlorn, dreamy country youth, inspired by the wild and desolate scenery amidst which he is bred up—or, as very frequently happens, a poor sailor, who superadds to his land-crosses the hazy superstitions of the sea. It is a remarkable feature in these songs, that the last stanza usually announces the name and profession of the singer or composer, with such family particulars as he may consider desirable for general circulation. The simplicity of all this is abundantly apparent.

The best way to judge of these quaint old ballads, is to listen to one of them on a still summer evening, as they are sung with responses from rock to rock, in the presence of old Druidical ruins, and feudal monuments massed into deep shadow, and recalling to mind, by their dark and broken outlines, their cumbrous forms and dismal grandeur, the modes of the antique life to which they refer. It is like a dream, conjured up in the imagination out of Ossian.

Metre and rhyme form the basis of Breton prosody. The songs are written generally in distiches or quatrains of equal measure: indeed, the uniformity of the measure is very striking. The most popular form is that of couplets, consisting of seven-syllabled lines; but sometimes the lines consist of six, and sometimes of eight or nine syllables; occasionally extending even to twelve, thirteen, and fifteen. The cesura is observed with as much distinctness in these Breton lyrics as in legitimate French verse, with which they are in some instances identical in this particular. In lines of twelve syllables, the cesura falls on the sixth—in those of fifteen, on the eighth. There is another peculiarity worth noticing in these poems—that every stanza, line, and even hemistich, is perfect in itself, so far as the sense is concerned, very rarely trespassing, for the completion of its meaning, upon the stanza, line, or hemistich, which follows. The object of this scrupulous exactitude in the structure of this species of poetry, seems to be the attainment of such an accurate balance of sound and sense, as may be most easily seized upon by the ear and committed to memory. Every incident



that enters into the formation of the Breton songs, favors the final purpose of the composers; and it is, no doubt, with an especial view to this end, that the rhymes are invariably consecutive, there not being, we believe, a single instance—at least M. Villemarqué, who is an unexceptionable authority, never met with one—in which the rhymes are alternate, or, to use the French expression, in which they cross each other.

Amongst some of the ancient ballads there are other peculiarities, which seem to have been engrafted upon them, such as alliterations in the body of the verse, and the employment of tercets, instead of couplets and quatrains, artificial forms which are certainly irreconcilable with the simple character of popular poetry. These strange introductions are of rare occurrence, and would be scarcely worth noting, if they did not indicate something like a correspondence with other literatures, which might, possibly, afford the historical student some help in his arduous investigation into the chronology of these compositions.

But investigations of this kind are not now likely to be attended with very satisfactory results. One writer asserts that the Bretons have had a regular literature, containing three distinct species of popular poetry, the historical, the amatory, and the religious, since the sixth century:—this is M. Villemarqué. Another says that, with the exception of some of the religious pieces, which he throws back as far as the third century, the great bulk of the poetry is not more than from two to four hundred years old:—this is M. Souvestre. Both these gentlemen are Bretons; both have mixed largely with the people, are familiar with their habits, dialects, and literature: and both are credible witnesses. "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

The method of investigation is by no means determined in questions of this nature. Every historical antiquary thinks he has laid down an infallible mode of testing the age of literary productions; yet when we come to compare the results of these infallible standards, we find them totally irreconcilable with each other. Now, as it is quite clear that only one can be right, it is equally certain that all the rest must be wrong. But the difficulty is to know, not which are those that are wrong, but which is the one that is right. M. Villemarqué's mode of proceeding is excellent, as far as it goes. The objection to it is,

that it is applicable only in special cases. Like certain poison tests, it will detect the presence of the element it seeks, if the element be there; but if it be not, the test is useless. He founds his method of investigation into the age of popular poems upon his own definition of the character and attributes of popular poetry. The principle of this poetry, he thinks, is the soul, unsophisticated in its good faith and native candor: destitute of the resources of knowledge, and stimulated by an instinctive want to confide to some traditional monument the records of contemporaneous events, of religious dogmas, or the adventures of heroes. If this definition be correct (and we have no desire to say any thing against it, except that it is *very* French), then it follows that popular poetry in general must be contemporaneous with the facts, or the sentiment, or the tradition of religious belief of which it is the organ; and that, consequently, the date of such compositions may be determined by the age to which their allusions apply. There is no gainsaying this. The same rule may be addressed with equal propriety to every work of art, in which any such allusions can be traced. But what is to be done where there are no such allusions? M. Villemarqué's method is evidently unavailable in such cases. It is fortunate, however, that the Breton poetry contains numerous local and historical references, by the aid of which the industrious antiquary is enabled to speculate with some confidence on the age of the composition. In some instances the date is actually fixed by the poet himself in that declaratory stanza, in which he confides the secret of his birth, parentage, education, and calling, to his intimate friend, the reader. Satisfied, then, that M. Villemarqué has applied to the Breton poetry a test peculiarly applicable to a large portion of it, and convinced, moreover, that he is ably qualified in all other respects for his task, we are disposed to accept his estimate of the antiquity of some of these ballads in preference to that of M. Souvestre.

It is hardly necessary to observe, however, that the age of each song is determined by its own internal evidences; and that all we can here be considered to concede or admit is, that M. Villemarqué makes out a good case for the existence of this class of poetry, in its different forms, thirteen centuries ago. We have never, ourselves, had any doubt whatever upon that point—independently of the proofs



of it we find scattered through the works of native writers; but how much of this ancient literature has been preserved in its original purity, how far it has been interpolated and tricked out in its progress down the stream of time, and to what extent the existing traditional ballads, in which no direct vouchers of antiquity can be traced, may be taken upon trust, or by analogy, are questions with which we must not, at present, venture to meddle.

To a people like the Bretons, lyrical poetry must at all times have been an absolute necessary of life. How could such a people—ignorant of art, utterly unrefined, living in a state of the rudest simplicity, and cowering down under the shadows of the darkest superstitions—how could such a people, in the absence of all other means of giving a current language to their sympathies and wants, exist without a locomotive poetry? To such a people, the song is as essential as the crop of buckwheat; it sustains their spiritual vitality just as their animal vitality is nourished by their black bread—and they could almost as easily dispense with one as the other. The Breton of to-day is, in this matter of song-necessity, much the same man he was at the earliest date of his musical budget. There are somewhere about 1,200,000 of this singing, buckwheat cultivating race, thinly dispersed over the face of the province once known as Brittany (earlier still as Armorica), but better known to the mere traveller, *en route*, by the departmental names of the Côtes du Nord, Finistère, Ile et Vilaine, Loire Inferieure, and Morbihan. Of this 1,200,000 people, it is tolerably certain that, with a very insignificant exception, there is scarcely one who knows how to read or write. Throughout all Christendom, at this hour, there is not another race, we suspect, so entirely dependent upon traditional lore for such intellectual pleasure as they are able to obtain. To them the popular ballad is every thing—it represents the consolations of religion, the delights of the fête, the communication of the affections: it carries love messages from commune to commune; it warns, exhorts, and rewards; it even supersedes the laws themselves, than which, amongst this primitive people, it is ten thousand times stronger.

Here, then, are 1,200,000 living and thinking beings, speaking no language but the old, uncouth Breton tongue, wholly uneducated, having no other cultivation than the oral instruction they receive from

their clergy, and no other wealth than their legends and their lyrics; and who are unavoidably thrown upon the singers for all the leisurely mental pleasure within their reach. It is not surprising, therefore, that this class of persons—the wandering singers—should occupy at this day in Brittany a position really as important, although, in this altered age of the world, not so formal and imposing, as that which, in the elder times, was held by the bards. These singers, or poets, for they are generally both, discharge for the Breton population the complicated offices of historian, novelist, story-teller, poet, and singer. This very circumstance stamps upon their productions the fresh and immediate impress of popular feeling. He who lives to please, must please to live. The travelling rhymer selects for his theme such subjects of recent or fugitive interest as happen to be familiar to every body. The multitude, in fact, indicate to him the subject he is to illuminate with his happy genius: it is to their tastes, their instincts, their passions, he must address himself—he expresses their ideas, translates their opinions, identifies himself completely with them throughout. This condition of adaptation to surrounding circumstances is imperative, and not to be trifled with. He must please the people at any price—it is a question of life and death with him. If he select a topic remote from the manners, or epoch, or tastes of the people, he may as well sing to the mountain torrents. He will not have a single listener, instead of undergoing a greater squeeze than one may find any night in the season in the crush-room of the Opera. He must either write for the people, or not write at all. His audiences are not only critical in their tastes, but inexorable in their decisions. Hence all really popular songs are destined to a long existence, because they are born under circumstances peculiarly favorable to traditional preservation, having their roots literally laid in the popular mind and affections. They are very appropriately compared by M. Villemarqué to those delicate plants, which are crowned with flowers only when they have been sown in ground previously prepared for them.

We adverted, in a former article already mentioned, to the rather curious custom in Brittany, by which this art of popular song is universally identified with particular classes of the population—almost with particular crafts, only that the pleasant rogues who profit by this identification, seem to

profess certain crafts without practising them. Thus the tailors and millers, *par excellence*, the collectors of old rags, and the beggars are generally recognized as the authors of the current ballads, although in many instances it is not unlikely that they are only the singers and retailers of them. Notwithstanding, however, their nominal classification, these poetical vagrants all lead the same sort of wandering life, making the tour of the whole country, visiting cities, towns, and villages, calling at manors and farm-houses, resting alike with the poor and the rich, attending at all the fairs and markets and festivals, collecting news and gossip which they put into doggrel, and sing as they go along from place to place; and this song, thus composed, and thus cast like seed upon the winds, is carried on the wings of the jingling refrain from one end of Brittany to the other. The beggars appear to confine their humbler labors to the accumulation and repetition of these songs, for there is no evidence that they ever ascend to the loftier ambition of composing rhymes of their own. Yet, humble as their ministry of poetical delight undoubtedly is, they are regarded with universal honor and affection. Villemarqué tells us that the most naïve and tender expressions are habitually lavished upon them; such as '*bons pauvres*,' '*chers pauvres*,' '*pauvrets*,' '*pauvres chéris*,' or simply '*chéris*;' and sometimes a more elaborate phrase, which we may venture to put into English, 'friends or brothers of the good God.' They are always sure of an asylum wherever they go—at the largest mansion on the hill side, or the pettiest cabin buried in the wintry depths of the pine wood. When their well-known voice of prayer and entreaty is heard at the door, or their approach is announced by the bark of their dog—for they are frequently blind, and come guided in this way—the inmates run out, and bring the venerable man into the house, relieve him of his stick and wallet, and, placing him snugly in the chimney nook, set before him the best repast they can afford. When he has appeased his hunger and had a little rest, he repays all their kind offices by long gossiping stories and snatches of the last new songs. Looking closely into the working of this system, as a thing of every day and every hour occurrence in Brittany, and as occupying a conspicuous space in the social life of the people, it cannot fail to be regarded as a

singularly expressive and deeply interesting trait in the national manners.

But it must not be supposed that these vagrant rhymers engross the whole field to themselves, and that there are no real ambulant poets to be found in this weird land of modern antiquity. On the contrary, there is a distinct class of poets who are always on the tramp, who are emphatically called the *barz*, and upon whom, in short, the mantle of the bardic order has distinctly fallen. As far as the changed habits of the country will permit, these ambulant poets perform precisely the same offices as their ancient namesakes, going about in like manner to ceremonies and public festivals, and recording the loves and misfortunes, heroic deeds, sacrifices, and penances of their contemporaries in suitable bursts of wild lyrical verse. Like the bards of old, also, they sometimes relieve their rather monotonous voices by striking a rude instrument of three cords, called a rebek, with a sort of fiddlestick, or bow. This instrument is said to be exactly the same as one which was in use in the sixth century. Indeed, the resemblance between the *barz* and the bard is so strong in every essential point, that a sketch which M. Villemarqué gives of their position to-day might, with the greatest propriety, and without altering a single word, be inserted bodily into the history of the bards who flourished in Wales or in Ireland some twelve or thirteen centuries past. "In fine," he says, "like the ancient bards domesticated amongst the Welsh, they are the ornament of all the popular fêtes; they sit and sing at the table of the farmers; they figure in the marriages of the people; they give away the future bride in virtue of their art, according to immemorial usage, and that even before the religious ceremony has taken place; the priest seems to be only the consecrator of the nuptial benediction which the bard has already bestowed. They have their share, also, in the marriage gifts. They enjoy unlimited liberty of speech, and great moral authority; they are beloved, sought after, and honored, almost as much as were their predecessors, whom, in a less elevated sphere, they so nearly resemble." And this, too, in the nineteenth century, amongst a people embraced in the girle of the most artificial and inconstant nation in Europe, and occupying a territory within a few hours' sail of the shores of England!

The consequence of all this is the pre-



dominance of song, as a great social agent, over all other means of inter-communication amongst the Bretons. Like all primitive people, they are enthusiastically fond of music. With them it is the language of the passions, and the whole of their literature is, more or less, under the influence of this musical spirit. Songs perform for them all the functions of the journal and the telegraph; and passing from hill to hill, from valley to valley, they diffuse intelligence with incredible rapidity. Innumerable instances might be related in illustration of the extraordinary sway they exercise over the minds of the population, on matters in which the decrees of the established authorities produce no effect whatever. A case of this kind occurred when the cholera was raging throughout Brittany. Official instructions how to deal with the dreadful malady were industriously distributed in the shape of circulars, and affixed in all directions on the doors of churches and cemeteries, but in vain. The peasant passed on with his hat slouched over his eyes, paying no more attention to the official warning than if it were a notice to the gendarmerie of the arrondissement. In the meanwhile, the plague ravaged the country side, the peasantry taking no heed to prevent its approaches, or to subdue it when it came. At last a travelling poet bethought him of putting the official instructions into the shape of a song. In one week, the ballad might be heard in every farm, hamlet, and town, chanted to one of the well-known national airs. The best of it was, that the foolish *prefet*, feeling the dignity of his office insulted, refused to circulate the song by means of the communal mayors, because it was not signed by a physician. The public health was, therefore, confided to the mendicants, who hawked the death-sickness from village to village, while the *prefet* continued to write his circulars. In the same way, the vice of drunkenness, common to the whole Celtic stock, and to which the Breton, habitually sober, abandons himself on his fête days, has been sensibly diminished in a particular canton by a ballad, wherein the poet confesses himself to have been once addicted to that habit, the evil effects of which he energetically points out, exhorting the people to follow his example, and abjure the destructive indulgence. The Breton song is, in short, the condensed expression of public opinion. Where the law fails in its office, the song supplies the

penalty; where the law exceeds the strict measure of justice, the song is at hand with its compensation. It not only expresses public opinion, but frequently creates it.

Let us now glance at the divisions into which the lyrical poetry of the Bretons may be properly distributed. In this arrangement we shall not follow the order of M. Villemarqué, who satisfies himself with the simpler, but less distinctive divisions of historical, amatory, and religious.

There are four classes sufficiently distinguished from each other by style and subject to demand separate enumeration. These are, 1, Canticles; 2, Guerz; 3, Sones; and 4, Chansons, as the miscellaneous popular songs may be called for distinction. We will give a brief description of each.

1. The Canticle is an exceedingly popular form of song. It relates exclusively to heaven and hell—rewards and punishments—sin and expiation—the hope of pardon and the fear of condemnation. These Canticles are always written by the priests. They present a curious combination of the more ecstatic and spiritual elements of the hymn and the love-song, and a strange mixture of the ballad and the legend. Without wholly losing the dramatic feeling of the ballad, they are more grave in manner, and more imposing in structure. The narrative predominates over the action, and from the constant presence of the poet, moralizing and reasoning in the verse, they acquire something of a clerical and didactic character, while they still retain for the populace all the fascinations of music and saintly story.

2. The Guerz might be correctly described as the historical ballads of the Bretons, were it not that they also include in their wide range, other and different, although not dissimilar, subjects. Some of them are the oldest of all the poems extant in the lyrical form in Brittany. Even M. Souvestre thinks that a few of them may be traced to the third century. Many belong to the sixteenth century, but the great bulk of them are scarcely more than two hundred years old. These Armorican Guerz are of various kinds, and relate legends of saints and old chronicles; stories of apparitions and miracles; the *fabliaux* of the middle ages, which are quaintly called the *guerz plaisant*; and historical events. They offer no material contrast to the old ballads of most other countries, ex-



cept in that remarkable regularity of form, which imparts, indeed, to all these productions so peculiar a character.

3. The sones are unquestionably the most interesting and extraordinary of all the popular shapes into which the minstrelsy of the Bretons throws itself. They are lyrical dirges generally composed by the young candidates for the priesthood, in which the writers confess their human weaknesses, the disappointments of the heart they have met, and the final dismissal from their thoughts of the women who used to haunt and torture their souls. In fact, these pieces are their leave-takings of society, and are frequently inspired with a charming simplicity, and full of touching poetical images. They form a sort of eternal and continuous memory of cloistered love, to which each abbé adds his page before he breaks for ever with the world.

The young ecclesiastical students who compose these sones are called in the Breton *kloers* or *clercs*—corresponding exactly with the *kler* of the Welch. In order to enter truly into the spirit of such compositions, it is necessary that we should bring before us the peculiar circumstances of the authors, and the influences, often painful and conflicting, which surround them, and which constantly communicates so tristful a spirit to their poetical legacies. They belong for the most part to the class of the peasantry or of the small tradespeople of the cities and villages; and come up in bands from the remotest parts of the country to the episcopal towns, where they enter upon their studies. The appearance of these uncouth youths is singularly striking in the streets of the, comparatively, civilized cities, with their strange costume, long hair, and unfamiliar dialects. The majority of them are not less than from eighteen to twenty years of age. They live together in the faubourgs; the same garret (says Villemarque, who drew the picture from personal observation) serves them for bedroom, kitchen, dining-room, and study. It is a very different sort of existence from that to which they had been accustomed in the open fields! A complete revolution has taken place in them; and in proportion as their bodies grow enervated and their hands white, their intelligence becomes developed, and their imagination takes new liberties with life. At last, summer and the holidays come, and they return to their villages: it is the season of fêtes and pleasures, 'when the flowers open with the

hearts of the young!' Seldom does the poor *kloer* go back to the city without carrying with him the germ of a first passion. Then the storm rises in his soul, and the struggle begins to take place between love and religion. Every thing contributes to heighten the rebellious feeling—the contrast between present servitude and the freedom of the woods—his isolation—his regrets—the *mal du pays*. Sometimes love triumphs, and then the scholar throws his books into the fire, swears against the city and the college, renounces the ecclesiastical state for ever, and returns to his village. But more frequently the church secures the victory; in which case the misery of the young priest finds a congenial vent in poetry; the muse becomes the confidant of his tears and his memories; and he pours into the melancholy sone the story of his sacrifice. The intimate sincerity of these elegies gives them the attraction of truth; and the fresh and incipient scholarship of their authors inspires them with something of a refined and finished air. Sometimes, indeed, they rise into classical grandeur, and the tenderness of the young priest becomes oppressed under the weight of the whole Roman mythology.

It is a curious trait in the popular history of the Bretons, showing how closely their religious sentiments are identified with the lives of the priesthood, that these sones are the universal love elegies of the country. There is not a village, nor a farm-house that has not its sone, the work of a friend or a relative, transmitted by tradition from generation to generation. It is the romance of Bretagne—the passionate inspiration of her poets—the literature of the youth of the country.

4. The peculiarity of the chansons consists principally in this, that, unlike French songs in general, they are rarely of a lively turn. Their mirth, when there is any, is heavy and cumbrous. In this, however, they only reflect the humor of the people, who are, constitutionally, too grave for the sparkling points and trivial pleasantries of the vaudeville—which, by the way, oddly enough, had its origin in the neighboring province of Normandy. Even in their most exciting compositions, there is always a piece of seriousness lurking at the bottom, and dragging down the sluggish merriment. The Bretons, like other people, have their varieties of temperament, but they are never gay, *sans y songer*, as we see other Frenchmen. When they laugh they must know

the reason why. They have had their popular chansons for at least three hundred years, yet it would puzzle a conjuror to find a verbal joke, or a flash of heedless vivacity of any kind in any one of them. The fact is there is no such thing. They do condescend sometimes, however, to be merry after their own fashion; but it is a fashion not very likely to find favor elsewhere, nor is it always intelligible out of the immediate district to which it especially applies. This merriment, if it may be called so, consists in quaint philosophical quibbles, broad jokes, often of the coarsest kind, adroitly addressed to the actual mode of living and direct experiences of the people, and allusions that are sure to *tell* amongst the hearers, although, lacking the universality of wit, they are little else than conundrums to every body else. It is doubtful whether the Bretons could give expression to more aerial pleasantries, even if they had them in their songs. Their style of delivery is heavy and solemn; they are too grave and ponderous for the light and rapid passages of the ordinary French chanson.

Such are the principal characteristics of the popular poetry of the Bretons. From this general introductory view, the reader will be better prepared for a few selections from the volumes of M. Villemarqué, which we shall now introduce without further commentary.

Perhaps we ought to explain to the English reader the meaning of the title adopted by M. Villemarqué. Barzas-Breiz is pure Breton, and may be rendered into a 'Poetical History of Bretagne.' Now the work is certainly not a poetical history of Brittany, and the title is therefore a misnomer. But it contains a valuable collection of Breton popular lyrical poems, and may be accepted as something better than a history. Well-selected specimens of a national literature, with such judicious notes as our author has industriously supplied, will be found more acceptable to most readers, as they are unquestionably more curious and instructive, than an elaborate historical disquisition on speculative questions, frequently founded in error, and generally ending in smoke.

This collection had its origin upwards of thirty years ago, and has been accumulating ever since. M. Villemarqué's mother had her attention drawn to the subject by a poor mendicant singer who had received some kindnesses from her, and who desired to express her gratitude in a song. Mad-

ame Villemarqué was so struck by the beauty of the poetry, that she cultivated a closer acquaintance with these wild lyrics; the collection rapidly increased, but she died in the midst of her labors. Thus this anthology was born. M. Villemarqué succeeded to the treasures and the enthusiasm of his mother, and embarked in the design with a larger ambition and greater means of execution. For many years he traversed every corner of Brittany, entered thoroughly into the pastimes and re-unions of the people—their fêtes, religious and festive, *pardons*, fairs, and wakes:—the bards, beggars, millers, laborers, were his most active *collaborateurs*; and he frequently consulted with advantage old women, nurses, and young girls;—even the children, in their plays, sometimes revealed information unconsciously to him; and he adds the curious fact, already referred to, that while the degrees of intelligence varied amongst his informants, he confidently affirms *that not one of them knew how to read*.

The quantity of ballads he thus gathered was immense. He obtained enough of matter to fill twenty volumes—all oral traditions of the country, collected from the lips of the peasantry. From this vast mass he has made the selection which occupies the two volumes before us—a selection distinguished by excellent judgment and good taste. A glance at a few of the more remarkable will convey a tolerably correct notion of the predominant features of the whole.

There are four distinct dialects in Brittany—the dialects of Treguiér, Leon, Cornouaille, and Vannes. The songs are all composed in one or other of these dialects (some of which have close affinities), and are given by M. Villemarqué on one page in their original words, and on the opposite page in modern French. Here is a specimen from the dialect of Leon. The piece, of which these are the opening lines, is called 'Ann Eostik,' 'Le Rossignol,' or the nightingale:

Ar greg iaoqank a Zant-Malo,  
Toull hé fenestr deac'h o wélo:  
—Sioaz! sioaz! me-d-ounn fallet!  
Ma éostik paour a zo lazet!

La jeune épouse de Saint-Malo pleurait hier  
à sa fenêtre:

—Helas! hélas! je suis perdue! mon pauvre  
rossignol est tué!

This specimen will be enough to show the essential difference between these dialects and modern French; a difference which



will be found to be much greater in other cases. The extraordinary metrical precision of the original is, also, worthy of observation. We have not found an instance throughout the whole work in which these songs violate this structural regularity.

As might be expected, Merlin, the famous enchanter, is celebrated among these songs; but he does not make a very conspicuous figure after all, and is by no means so distinguished a personage in Armorica as he is in Wales. It has been remarked by a German critic\* as rather a suspicious circumstance, calculated to throw a doubt upon the antiquity of the Round Table legends, that Arthur and his companions are nowhere alluded to in the Breton popular poems. This is a mistake, and we may, probably, avail ourselves of another opportunity to discuss the question involved in the doubt of the German critic. But we may observe, *en passant*, that the inference he draws from his assumed fact,—namely, that the Round Table must therefore be a fiction of the middle ages,—is curiously fallacious, seeing that most of these very poems are themselves of a still later date.

Merlin does not seem to have much credit as a sorcerer in Brittany; but to be remembered rather as a sage and a bard, with a sort of vague reverence, hinting rather than avowing a faith in his superhumanity. There were, in fact, two Merlins, and the Breton traditions seemed to have confounded them, so that it is not very easy to distinguish which of them is intended to be embalmed in the ballads. One of them lived about the tenth century, and was the son of a vestal and a Roman consul, and became distinguished as one of the greatest soothsayers of his time; the other, who lived in the sixth century, had the misfortune to kill his nephew in battle, lost his reason in consequence, and buried himself for the rest of his life in a wood, passing in history under the name of Merlin the Savage. The Welsh possess fragments of the poetry of Merlin, but the Bretons know him only by the ballads in which he is commemorated, and these are not numerous. M. Villemarqué gives us two. From one of them called 'Merlin the Bard,' we will give one or two passages, rendered into the metres of the original with as much verbal fidelity as the different genius of the language will admit. The poem opens with an appeal from a

young man to his mother, to let him visit a fête about to be given by the king:

"Oh! listen, mother dear! to me—

The fête I long to go and see:

"The fête, and then the races new,—  
By grace of our good sovereign too."

"—Now neither to the raree show,  
Nor to the races shall you go.

"You shall not see the foolish sight,  
For you have wept the live-long night.

"You shall not go—I have my fears;  
Why, even your dreams were full of tears!"

"Nay, mother, if you love me, hear—  
Ah! let me go, sweet mother dear!"

"—You'll go with songs of merry strain—  
But tears will bring you back again!"

The youth springs on his red filley, and flies off to the festival. The horn sounds just as he arrives at the field, and the herald announces, that whoever clears the barrier at a single leap, shall have the daughter of the king in marriage. Of course the red filley performs this feat to admiration, and the youth claims his bride. The king is indignant, thinking that a filley could not make such a leap except by sorcery; but his royal word is pledged, and so, throwing what he believes an insurmountable difficulty in the way, he tells the youth that he shall have the princess if he will bring him the harp of Merlin, which is suspended over the head of the bard's bed by four chains of fine gold. The love-stricken boy goes back to his mother in despair.

"Dear mother, if you love me, speak,  
For my poor heart is nigh to break!"

"If thou hadst bent thee to my will,  
Your heart would be untroubled still.

"But weep not, my poor child, behold  
This hammer—'tis of molten gold—

"Its blow is dumb—no living ear  
Its noiseless stroke shall ever hear!"

Armed with this hammer he succeeds in obtaining the harp, and returns in triumph to the court. But the king is not satisfied yet. He requires also the ring which Merlin wears on his right hand. It will be remembered that the heart and ring were the emblems of the bards of old, the harp being the gift of the king, and the ring that of the queen. This still more difficult task the old lady enables the youth to accomplish, with the help of a palm branch with twelve leaves, which she declares she had been seven nights to seek in seven woods, in seven years. At the crowing of the cock at midnight, the bold feat is accomplished, and the youth goes back again to

\* 'Wiener Jahrbücher der Literatur,' 1843.



court, pretty confident this time, at least, that he shall have his bride. The king, however, is inexorable. Nothing will satisfy him now, but that Merlin himself shall consecrate the marriage in person. One would think it was all over with the youth now; but there are endless lucky contrivances for lovers in ballads.

"Oh! Merlin, whither dost thou go,  
With dress and air disordered so?

"Where go you thus, 'tis all unmeet,  
With naked head and naked feet?

"Old Merlin, whither dost thou wend,  
Thy stick of holly in thy hand?"

He is searching for his lost harp and ring; and thus he is hospitably waylaid by the youth, who prevails upon him to enter his cottage, and finally he is carried to the court. His approach is announced by loud cries of joy that awaken the royal household; and the king, finding it useless to contend any longer, runs out himself and calls up the crier to summon the people to the wedding.

"Get up, good crier, from thy bed,  
And quickly clear thy sleepy head—

"Let every one be welcome guest,  
Invited to the bridal feast.

"The bridal of the princess—she  
In eight fair days shall wedded be.

"Bid to the bridal, to a man,  
All gentlemen throughout Bretagne,

"All gentlemen and ministers,  
And priests and knightly chevaliers,

"And counts imperial—rich and poor—  
The lord, the merchant, and the boor!

"Quick, scour the land o'er wood and lea,  
And swiftly hasten back to me."

The crier accordingly goes forth, summons all the people 'great and small'—and so ends the ballad of Merlin.

The fairies occupy a large space in the superstitions of the Bretons, and, consequently, make a very important figure in some of their songs. One of the most popular of these is 'L'Enfant Supposé.' The story itself is common, with various versions, to the fairy superstitions of nearly all countries; and, according to the most approved narrative, which is more circumstantial than that preserved by M. Villemarqué, runs thus:—it is founded upon the strange passion attributed to the fairies for exchanging their own hideous children—poulpicans, as they are called—for real flesh-and-blood infants, when they can catch them unguarded. A fairy happening to hear a child cry one day, as she passes by a house, peeps in, and seeing a beautiful fair child in a cot, is so attracted by its

rosy mouth and blue eyes, that she thinks it would be no bad thing to make an exchange for her own son, as black and spiteful as a cat. No sooner said than done. The false child grows up, the poor mother never suspecting the imposition. As it grows in stature, so its genius for evil trickery expands, confounding lovers at their secret meetings, tying logs to the tails of cattle, overturning honest women's pitchers, and doing all sorts of mischief. At last the distracted mother begins to think that it is a sheer impossibility such a destructive imp can be her natural-born child, and she communicates her doubts to her husband. But he, good, easy man, stretches his great hands before the fire, knocks the cinders out of his pipe, strokes his beard, and—says nothing. Then comes a butcher with a horse and a calf one evening, when the poulpican is alone, and knocking at the window, inquires is there a beast to sell. The poulpican seeing their heads through the window in the twilight, and supposing them to belong to one person, screams out, 'Well! I'm a hundred years old, and I never saw the like of that!' The butcher runs away, and informs the mother of what he has heard. Her fears are now almost wrought into certainty; but in order to make all sure, she breaks a hundred eggs, and arranges the shells before the fire-place; then hides and awaits the sequel. The poulpican, perplexed at so strange a proceeding, and fairly taken by surprise, screams out again, 'Well! I'm a hundred years old,' &c. Fully confirmed now, the mother rushes upon the wretch, and is about to kill it, when the fairy appears and ransoms her offspring by restoring the proper child. In the version of M. Villemarqué these details are omitted, the mother recovering her child by pretending to dress a dinner for ten laborers in an egg-shell. The poulpican is betrayed into a sudden burst of astonishment—'What! dress a dinner for ten laborers in an egg-shell! Well, I have seen many things,—but—

"I've seen, dear mother, Gramercy!  
The egg before its progeny,  
The acorn first, and then the tree;

"The acorn first, then sapling strait—  
I've seen the oak grow tall and great—  
But never saw the like of that!"

It is rather a remarkable characteristic of the Breton fairies that, although they are allowed, on all hands, to possess a great genius for music, and even fine voices, they

never dance. They are the only fairies in the world that resemble the 10th Hussars in this particular, that they don't dance. Then again, at night they are beautiful—in the day, wrinkled and ugly. Like certain other fascinating people, they look best by candlelight. The popular notion amongst the peasantry is, that the fairies are great princesses who refused to embrace Christianity when it was introduced into Armorica, and who were struck with the divine malediction for their obstinacy. The Welsh believe them to be the souls of the Druids compelled to do penance. The coincidence is striking. The prohibition against dancing, however, does not extend to the *nains*, or dwarfs. This happy, mischievous, rollicking race take infinite pleasure in their midnight gambols. They go about with leather purses in their hands, are the hosts of the Druidical altars, which they profess to have built, and dance their merry round by the light of the stars, calling out *! l mardi, mecredi*, sometimes adding *joudi* and *vendredi*, but always keeping clear of *samedi*, which is the virgin's day, and above all of *dimanche*, which is still more fatal to them. We can fancy them, when they come to Friday, breaking off with a scream of terror, lest, by some sudden impulse, they might be tempted to continue the enumeration. The following ballad is an amusing illustration of this class of superstitions. In rendering it into English, we have clung closely to the text, so that nothing must be looked for in the shape of poetical refinement. The measure is that of the original Breton.

#### THE TAILOR AND THE DWARFS.

On a Friday evening see  
Paskou creep forth stealthily,  
To commit a robbery.  
Out of work, his customers  
All are gone to join the wars  
'Gainst the French and their seigneurs.  
With his spade, into the grot  
Of the fairies he has got,  
Digging for the golden pot.  
Well too has his labor sped!  
With his treasure he has fled  
Home like mad, and gone to bed.  
"Shut the door, and bar it well,  
How the little devils yell!"  
"Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, too,  
Thursday also, Friday—heu!"  
"Shut the door, good people, do!  
Crowding come the dwarfish crew!"  
Now they gather in the court,  
Dancing till their breath grows short.  
"Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, too,  
Thursday also, Friday—heu!"

To the roof they clamber all,  
Scratching holes in slate and wall.

Friend! thou'rt taken by the rout—  
Throw thy treasure quickly out.

Ah! poor Paskou's kill'd with fear—  
Sprinkle holy water here—

Pull the sheet above your head,  
There—keep still—and lie for dead!

Ha! ha! ha! they roar and mow;  
He'll be fleet who 'scapes them now.

"Here is one—God save my soul!—  
Pops his head in through a hole:

"Fiery red his blazing eyes,  
Down the post he glides and pries.

"One, two, three—Good Lord!—are there,  
Dancing measures on the air!

"Frisking, bounding, tangled, jangled,  
Holy Virgin! I am strangled!"

"Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, too,  
Thursday, also, Friday—heu!"

"Two and three, four, five, and six,  
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,—nix!"

Tailor, tailor, every pore  
Seems to snifle and to snore.

"Hilloa! tailor, Master Snip!  
Show us but your nose's tip—

"Come, let's have a dancing bout,  
We will teach you step and shout!

"Tailor—little tailor, dear,  
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—hear!

"Tailor, thou, and robber too,  
Wednesday, Thursday, Friday—heu!"

"Come again—come back to us,  
Little tailor villainous!

"You shall dance until you crack  
Every sinew in your back  
—Fairies' coin doth value lack!"

The tailors—that is to say, the working tailors—as a craft, are regarded in Brittany much as they are in England; and the old scrap of ridicule prevails there just as it does among ourselves, that it requires no less than nine tailors to make one man. The above story in different shapes, may be found in the fairy mythologies of most countries. In one version, the thief is a baker, who with more cunning than the tailor, strews hot ashes round his house, so that when the fairies come they scorch their feet; for which indignity, however, they take ample vengeance by breaking all his pans and ovens. A similar trick is played off upon the German fairies, in a tradition called 'The Fairies on the Rock.' In the Irish version of the legend, the poor fellow, who is suddenly surrounded in the moonlight by a troop of fairies, dancing and singing, "Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday," &c. finding the refrain rather monotonous, adds, "Saturday and Sunday," &c. whereupon the whole company vanish with a scream.



There is also a French version to the same effect, only that instead of vanishing, the horrified fairies stamp with their feet, and utter such tremendous cries that the traveler is ready to die with fear. Had he only added, 'And thus the week is ended!' the penance of the poor fairies would have ended also. The moral of the tradition ought to be borne in mind by all persons who may hereafter contemplate thefts on the 'good people,'—namely, that their money is of no value. It is worthy of note, in connexion with this point, that the Welsh assign this story to the Coraniens, a race whom they accused of the practice of coining false money; and that in designating the false money, they use the very same terms employed by the Breton poet—terms for which neither the Welsh nor the Breton dictionaries furnish any satisfactory explanation. It is a curious incident in fairy lore, this identification of the fairies with the false coiners.

The Breton fairies seem to possess one distinctive characteristic—their close relationship with Druidical reliques and traditions. This is easily accounted for in a country where the remains of the Celtic worship are so numerous. The grottos of the fairies are always amongst the monuments of the Druids, and one of the names by which the fairy is popularly known—Korrigan—is borrowed from them. The ballad called 'Lord Nann and the Korrigan' affords us a glimpse of the fairy in her grotto by the side of the fountain or well—both of which, the altar of stones and the spring of water, were anciently objects of the superstitious worship of the Druids. The Lord Nann goes into the green forest to hunt a roe for his young wife, and seeing a white hind, he follows it through the woods with such ardor, that he grows hot and exhausted. Evening is now setting in, and discovering a little stream running from a well, close at the foot of a fairy grotto, he descends to drink. The Korrigan is seated by the side of her fountain, combing her flaxen hair with a comb of gold. She is outraged at his audacity in troubling her waters, and gives him his choice, either to marry her on the instant, to linger pining away for seven years, or to die in three days. He tells her he cannot marry her, because he is already married; that as to the seven years, he must die when it shall please God; but that in any event he would rather die at once than marry a Korrigan. The vindictive Korrigan pronounces his doom, and

in three days the young wife begins to question her mother.

"Oh! tell me, mother, why the bells ring out so loud and slow?"

And why the priests, all clad in white, are chanting sad and low?"

"A poor unfortunate, my child, to whom we shelter gave,  
Expired last night, and now the priests are chanting at his grave."

"Oh! tell me, mother, of my lord—oh! tell me where he's gone?"

"He's gone into the town, my child, and he'll be here anon."

"Oh! tell me, mother, shall I wear my red robe or my blue?"

For I would go to church to-day, to church to-day with you."

"Oh! neither blue nor red, my child, nor any colors gay;

The mode is changed, and you must go to church in black to day."

Then passing through the churchyard ground amidst funeral trees,

And cemetery monuments, her husband's tomb she sees.

"Now, which of our dear relatives is laid here with such care?"

"I can no longer hide the truth—your husband, child, lies there!"

The news has fallen upon her heart, and struck her to the core,

She throws herself upon her knees, and never rises more.

Oh! it was wondrous in the night which follow'd the sad day

When they interr'd that lady bright where her dear husband lay,

'Twas wond'rous in the night to see, in the night-time dark and drear,

Two oak-trees o'er that recent tomb, spring up into the air;

And in their branches two white doves, all gaily through the night

Sing even till the dawn of day, then heavenwards plume their flight.

This fanciful notion of trees springing up with doves singing in them, is of frequent occurrence in the old tragic ballads. Sometimes, as in our English ballad of 'Lord Lovel and the fair Ouncebell,' two briars or yews grow up to a brave height, and tie themselves at the top into a true lover's knot. This was a very common resource of the poets of the middle ages. This story of 'Lord Nann and the Korrigan' is familiar, in other shapes, to the poetry of Sweden, Denmark, Servia, and other countries, and the reader may probably remember an old Scotch ballad to which it bears a close resemblance.

Although the Bretons supply their fairies



with fountains and running streams, we do not find that they people their inland waters with any other description of poetical spirits. There are no naiads or dryads in Brittany. But they seem to have transported into the interior some of their salt-water phantasies, and to give an honorable reception to syrens and mermaids in their lakes and ponds. One of the most remarkable instances is that of a syren who is said to inhabit the pond of a duke near Vannes, which is so close to the sea that she may enjoy, whenever she pleases, the sight of those terrible calamities which were said, of old, to have been so grateful to her sisterhood. This beautiful nymph comes out of a morning to take the air, and spread her green tresses in the sun. According to the tradition, a soldier surprised her once on the summit of a hill, and was so charmed by her aspect, that he could not resist the temptation of approaching her, when she seized him in her wiry arms, and plunged with him to the bottom of the water. If you ask for the story of this syren, they will tell you that she was formerly a princess to whom these waters belonged; and that she refused to marry a noble suitor, the owner of the Lake of Plaisance. One day, fatigued by his entreaties, she hastily said to him, believing the thing to be impossible, that she would become his wife when the waters of the Lake of Plaisance should join those of her own domain. Her lover took her at her word, and constructed a canal, by which the miracle was accomplished. Having finished his work, he invited her to a grand fete at his chateau, and, to crown his triumph, conveyed her in a barge with great pomp along the canal, demanding the fulfilment of her promise at the end of the journey. The princess was in despair; and, seeing no escape from a marriage she loathed, being all the while secretly attached to another, she threw herself head-foremost into the lake—an effectual recipe for the manufacture of syrens. Of course she was never seen again; but from that day to the present, the lake has been haunted by a syren, believed to be the said princess, who takes particular pleasure in making her appearance on the rocks in the fine summer mornings, deliberately combing out her long hair, and weaving coronals of water-lilies.

Whenever any of these ballads touch upon the domestic affections, they exhibit considerable delicacy of treatment and truthfulness of feeling. The ballad of 'The Baron

of Jauioz' is a conspicuous instance. The Baron himself is an historical character. He flourished in the 14th century, participated in most of the public events of that period in France, and served in the Holy Land. The ballad relates to circumstances which occurred during his stay in Brittany, where it is said, he *bought* a young country girl for gold from her family, and carried her off to France, where she died of grief. The ballad opens with the young girl sitting by the river side, when the death-bird (a Breton superstition) tells her that she is sold to the Baron of Jauioz. She comes home and asks her mother, is it true? Her mother refers her to her father—he desires her to ask her brother, who avows at once that they have sold her, that the money is received, and that she must go instantly. She asks her mother what dress she shall wear; but her mother tells her it is of no consequence; a black horse waits at the door to convey her. As she goes she hears the bells of her village, and weeps and bids them adieu! Passing a lake she sees small boats filled with crowds of the dead in winding sheets. She is overwhelmed with grief and terror, and nearly loses her reason. At last she reaches the chateau.

That fearful lord—his beard is black  
As plumage on the raven's back:

His hair is blanch'd—a wild flash flies  
Like a light of firebrands from his eyes.

"Ha! pretty one, thy company  
I've long desired! Come, sweet, and see

"My wealth; come, range my chambers o'er,  
And count my gold and silver store."

"I'd rather to my mother forth!  
To count her faggots by the hearth."

"Then, let us, for a bliss divine,  
Retire to taste my costly wine."

"I'd drink my father's ditch stream first,  
Where even his horses slake their thirst."

"Well, come with me and search the town,  
To buy a handsome fete-day gown."

"I'd rather have a petticoat  
Of stuff by my dear mother wrought."

Finding her inconsolable, the noble lord begins to repent his bargain. But it is too late. Her heart is broken. The rest of the ballad is very melancholy.

"Ye birds, that on the wing rejoice,  
I pray ye, listen to my voice.

"Ah! ye shall see my village home,  
To which I never more may come!"

"Ah! happy birds, so joyous there,  
While I am banish'd in despair."

"To all my friends at your next meeting,  
Present my sad, but tender greeting.\*

"My mother who gave birth to me,  
And him who rear'd me lovingly ;

"My mother, dearly loved and prized ;  
The priest, by whom I was baptized ;

"To all I love—adieu—adieu—  
And, brother !—pardon even for you !"

Two—three months had pass'd away ;  
The family in slumber lay—

'Twas in the midnight, still and deep,  
The family were sunk in sleep—

No sound the solemn silence broke,  
When at the door a low voice spoke—

"Oh ! father, mother—pray for me—  
For God's sweet love—pray fervently !

"Get mourning, too, my parents dear,  
For your poor child is on her bier !"

This ballad is one of the most affecting in the collection. It is also strongly colored with national feelings. A striking and highly appropriate effect is produced, as the poor young girl goes away from her home, by the sound of the parish bells, calling up so many cherished associations, so many happy domestic memories. In Brittany, where the bells of the churches are drawn into all the ceremonies of life and death, the pathos of this little passage touches the universal heart.

Amongst other subjects treated by the Breton poets, in common with the popular writers of nearly every literature in Europe, is that which is best known to the majority of readers by the 'Leonore' of Bürger. There is a Danish version, a Welsh version, and even a modern Greek version of this famous story. The Breton poem is not destitute of a poetical energy, and breadth of style worthy of so striking a theme. It is called 'The Foster-Brother.' Gwennolaik, the heroine of this ballad, is an orphan. Her father, mother, and her two sisters, are all dead. She lives in the manor-house with her step-mother, who ill-treats her, and puts her to drudgery. She has only one friend in the world, her foster-brother; but he has been at sea for six years. She is constantly watching for his return. One dark night she is sent to draw water at a fairy well, when a voice asks her, 'Is she betrothed?' She answers 'No;' and receives a bridal ring, and a pledge that a chevalier returning from Nantes, where he was wounded in a com-

bat, will come back for her in three weeks and three days. She runs home, looks at the ring, and finds that it is the same which her foster-brother wears on his right hand. In the interval, her step-mother resolves that she shall marry a stable-boy. This relentless determination is carried into effect; but on the night of the wedding, the bride disappears, and nobody knows where she is gone.

The manor-house in darkness lay; its inmates soundly slept;  
But at the farm the poor young girl her lonely vigil kept.

"Who's there?" "'Tis I, thy foster-brother, Nola." "Can it be?"  
It is—it is—my brother dear—Ah! welcome sight to me!"

She leaps behind him on a horse, a horse as white as snow,  
And trembling twines her arm, her right arm round them as they go.

"Oh! God, how rapidly we ride!—ten leagues at least an hour!  
But I am happy close to thee—ah! ne'er so blest before!

"I long to see thy mother's house—oh! tell me is it near?"

"Cling closely to me, sister mine!—and we shall soon be there."

The owls fly hooting o'er their heads, and savage creatures break  
Through wood and stream like madden'd things, to hear the noise they make.]

"How like the wind thy steed flies on!—an arrow on the gale!

Why, brother, thou art very grand!—how brightly gleams thy mail!

"How grand thou art—but tell me, is thy mother's mansion near?"

"Cling closely to me, sister mine! and we shall soon be there."

"Thy heart is frozen—and thy hair, thy hair is wet and chill—

Thy hand's like ice!—thy hand and heart!—dear brother, art thou ill!"

"Cling closely to me, sister mine! the house is very near—

You hear our bridal songs already—listen, sister dear!"

Unlike the hero of the German and Greek ballads, our lover conducts his mistress to a charming isle, filled with crowds of happy souls dancing merrily, and singing for joy, where she finds her mother and two sisters, and where the nuptials, we are led to infer, take place under the most auspicious circumstances. This delightful spot is no other than the Elysium of the Druids, which, according to the Welsh tradition, is the Isle of Avalon, now called Glaston-

\* This is very characteristic in the French version: *Faites mes compliments à tous mes compatriotes quand vous les verrez!*

bury, a large orchard of apple-trees completely surrounded by running streams. The belief in this old tradition still holds good in Brittany; and, as it is a part of the articles of faith that no soul can obtain admission until the funeral honors have been duly performed, the Bretons exhibit an exemplary rigor in discharging all offices of that nature. Their funeral rites are precisely the same now as they were in the earliest times.

The story of *Heloïse* and *Abelard* forms a favorite subject in the popular poetry of Brittany. For many years those lovers, so famous in the rhymes of all countries, lived at the village of *Pallet*, near *Nantes*; and they soon acquired in their own neighborhood such a reputation for wisdom and knowledge, that it is nothing very surprising to find them, in that credulous and exaggerating age, converted by popular wonder into something over and above the average of humanity. But the English reader will scarcely be prepared to find them transformed into a pair of sorcerers. Yet such is the actual substance of the popular ballad in which *Heloïse*, speaking in her own person, celebrates her love and her learning. There is a curious mixture of the ridiculous and the profane in this ballad, from which we give the opening verses, following the original nearly word for word.

"At twelve years old, not fearing either scandal  
or reproof,  
To follow my dear *Abelard*, I left my father's  
roof.  
"And when we went to *Nantes*, my God! sweet  
*Abelard* and I,  
I knew no language but the one we speak in  
Brittany.  
"I did not even know, my God! the way to say  
a prayer,  
When I was in my father's house—so ignorant  
they were.  
"But now I am instructed well—in all things  
perfect quite—  
I know the Greek and Latin tongues, and I can  
read and write:  
"And read in the *Evangelists*, and write both  
well and fast,  
And speak and consecrate the host as well as  
any priest."

But this is nothing. These are amongst the smallest of her powers and accomplishments.

"And I have power to change myself, as every  
one may know,  
Into an *ignis fatuus*, a dragon, dog, or crow.  
"I know a song would rend the heavens, and  
make the tossing sea

Heave as with sudden tempests, and the earth  
roll fearfully.

"I know all things that through all time, in all  
the world were known,  
All things that ever happen'd yet, or ever shall  
be done."

She then goes on to recite some of her means of sorcery; as how she has three vipers sitting on the egg of a dragon, which is destined to desolate the earth, and how she nourishes her vipers, not with the flesh of partridges or woodcocks, but with the sacred blood of innocents. Having such tremendous resources at her command, she threatens to overturn the world at last—if she only live long enough.

"If I remain upon the earth, and my sweet clerk  
with me,  
If we remain upon the earth, one year, or two,  
or three—

"Yet two or three, my *Light* and I, ere they  
have swiftly flown,  
My *Abelard* and I shall make the earth turn  
upside down."

The poet finding his imagination running a little too far, and apparently afraid of the consequences, steps in at this critical point, and winds up the song with a sort of religious moral:

"Take care, oh! *Heloïse*, and think upon your  
soul's abode;  
For if this world belongs to you, the next be-  
longs to God!"

There are several songs in the collection to which we would gladly direct attention, either for their traditional and historical interest or their poetical beauty. Amongst these may be mentioned the celebrated ballad of '*Geneviève of Rustéfan*,' '*Our Lady of Fulgoat*,' '*The Heiress of Kéroulaz*,' the '*Elegy on Monsieur de Nêvet*,' '*Lez-Briez*,' the historical song of [the Bretons, '*The Exiled Priest*,' several of the short tender love songs, and some songs of the feasts, festivals, and seasons. But we have already extended our notice of these lyrics to as great a length as we can reasonably spare; and the reader will probably be sufficiently enabled to estimate their general characteristics from the specimens we have laid before him.

There is another subject of great interest connected with the literature of Brittany, and still less known beyond the frontiers of the country—the drama of the Bretons. Upon this strange class of productions—certainly the most curious of their kind and form now existing in any part of Europe—we may take another opportunity of offering an extended notice.



## CEMETERIES AND CHURCHYARDS.

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *A Supplementary Report on the Results of a Special Inquiry into the Practice of Interment in Towns, made at the request of Her Majesty's principal Secretary of State for the Home Department. By Edwin Chadwick, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London. 1843.*
2. *On the Laying out, Planting, and Managing of Cemeteries, and on the Improvement of Churchyards. By J. C. Loudon, F. L. S., &c. London. 1843.*
3. *Gatherings from Graveyards, particularly those of London. By G. A. Walker, Surgeon. London. 1839.*
4. *Necropolis Glasguensis; with observations on the ancient and modern Tombs and Sepulture. By John Strang. Glasgow. 1831.*
5. *Remarks on the Origin and Evils of City Interments, &c. Glasgow. 1842.*
6. *A Tract upon Tombstones, with Illustrations. By F. E. Paget, M. A., Rector of Elford. Rugeley. 1843.*
7. *Letter on the appropriate Disposal of Monumental Sculpture. By Richard Westmacott, A. R. A., F. R. S. London. 1843.*

'SPLENDID in ashes and pompous in the grave,'\* Man has sometimes built himself an argument of immortality from the grandeur of his tomb; and the desire to preserve a festering body and a fading name from utter decay, has been drawn into a natural evidence of the incorruption of the soul. But a splendid monument speaks as much of the dread of annihilation as of the hope of a resurrection; and the love of posthumous fame, whether in pyramids or in the mouths of men, is at best but a proof of the 'longing after' an immortality of which it gives no sign. The worm below mocks at the masonry above; the foundation of our monuments, as of our houses, is in the dust; and the nameless pyramid, and the broken urn, and the 'mummy become merchandize,' are as true a page in the history of the 'noble animal,' as his grandest efforts of mind or hand after 'a diuturnity of memory.'

To baffle the powers of Death has been

\* 'Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave, solemnizing natiivities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature.'—*Sir T. Browne's Urn-burial*, ch. v.

the struggle no less of the natural than of the spiritual man; and one people, by the art of embalment, has endeavored to escape the corruption which others have prevented by fire. While the piety of natural religion has made man's last want his greatest, and looked upon the violator of the dead as the worst enemy of the living, a yet earlier tradition has inspired him to escape the curse of the worm, and the return to the dust from whence he sprung. To the latter bear witness the cinerary urns of Greece and Rome, the pyramids and mummies of Egypt, the decorated chamber-tombs of Etruria, perhaps also the gilded skulls and locomotive corpses of the Scythians; while Priam, Polydorus, Antigone, and Archytas exemplify the honor of the rites of burial; and the tabooed plots of New Zealand, and the cairns of the Esquimaux, are the extreme links of the chain of eternal and universal piety which hallows the sepulchres of our Fathers. The 'dogs and birds,' so often denounced or averted as a curse by heathen poets, are scarcely less earnestly decried by the Psalmist; and 'to be buried like a king's daughter,' may be said to have passed into an Hebrew proverb. Hardly any but an unbeliever in revelation would order his body to be burned; but it must be a Giaour to nature who could exclaim,

'What recks it, though his corse may lie  
Within a living grave!'  
The bird that tears that prostrate form  
Has only robbed the meaner worm.'

The history of Revealed Religion exhibits to us a middle and a better way; neither indifferent nor over-scrupulous as to the fate of the mortal body, avoiding at once the outcasting to the beasts of the field, and the expensive carefulness of the funeral pyre. The rite of interment, in its literal sense of consigning a body to the ground, is indeed a singular recognition of the ancient curse, 'Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return;' for though other nations have, for a while and in a degree, used this custom, the unbroken tradition of the Jewish people alone observed it in its completeness and simplicity. The cave of Macpelah was purchased as a burying-place by the Father of the Faithful; and

\* It is curious that this very expression, as applied to the vulture, should have been condemned by Longinus in the *Sophist Gorgias*, 1500 years before Byron wrote it. Γένος ἐψυχῶν τράποι. *Long.*, ii. 2. It is not probable that the noble poet had seen the passage of either rhetorician.

close by his side the bones of Joseph, after being borne by the children of Israel in their wanderings in the wilderness, rested in peace; and it seems no fortuitous emblem of God's people, as strangers and pilgrims upon earth, that their first possession in the land of promise should be a tomb. The case of Jonathan and Saul—and there are a few others recorded in Holy Writ—whose bones were burned—was a clear exception to their general usage, and even in this case the ashes were afterwards inhumed. But while the children of the Promise preserved inviolate the ancient rite of interment, and eschewed pompous monuments and vain epitaphs, their yet indistinct perception of a resurrection, the dawn only of a brighter day, was not allowed to penetrate the veil which hung over the grave, though even that was a pillar of light to them compared to the cloud and darkness which it was to the Gentiles. Ere the stone was rolled away from the sepulchre, death had still its defilement, and mourning its sackcloth and ashes.

But when our Lord by His own dying had taken away the pollution, as by His rising again He had taken away the sting of death; when life and immortality were brought to light, and the doctrine of the Resurrection of the Body had established, once and for ever, all touching the mystery of the grave and of the life hereafter which man shall be permitted here to know, the doubt and uncertainty which harrassed men's minds on the relations of life and death, and the things thereto pertaining, were ended, and to the single eye of faith the prospect, near and distant, was clear and plain. That body which He had taken upon Himself, and declared to be the temple of the Holy Ghost, which was to rise again in more glorious form, could never be relinquished to the beasts of the field; while that anointing which He took for His burial, and that sepulchre which He hallowed, purified the dead body, recognized ceremonies, and consecrated the tomb. The tearing of hair and rending of garments was modified into a sorrow not without hope; and as, under the Promise, the first plot of ground was a sepulchre—so, under its fulfilment, the first sepulchre was in a garden; as if to show that it was no longer the land of the dead, but of the living, and that death was shorn of half its terrors. That men could in any sense rejoice over the grave, was not the least of the miracles of the early Christians; and nothing was more

galling to the heathen and apostate emperors, than the undesponding psalmody of their funeral processions and their devout thanksgiving at the tomb. St. Chrysostom is justly loud against the remnants of heathenism in the hired mourners who were sometimes obtruded; while St. Cyprian seems to have been over-earnest in his condemnation of sorrow and all its signs; for though our Lord rebuked the women of Jerusalem who wept for Him, He himself wept at the grave of Lazarus; and the devout men who carried Stephen to his burial, made great lamentation over him. The Puritans, false, with all their professions, to every touch of nature, condemned, as did St. Cyprian, all mourning garments; what would they now say to the ostentatious weepers and flaunting hatbands which so pharisaically distinguish, in the north especially, their modern representatives? On the delicate and often perplexing subject of the degree and temper of mourning for the dead, let these words of Jeremy Taylor suffice:—

‘Solemn and appointed mournings are good expressions of our dearness to the departed soul, and of his worth, and our value of him; and it hath its praise in nature, and in manners, and in public customs; but the praise of it is not in the Gospel, that is, it hath no direct and proper uses in religion. For if the dead did die in the Lord, then there is joy to him; and it is an ill expression of our affection and our charity, to weep uncomfortably at a change that hath carried our friend to a state of high felicity. Something is to be given to custom, something to fame, to nature, and to civilities, and to the honor of the deceased friend; for that man is esteemed miserable for whom no friend or relative sheds a tear or pays a solemn sigh. So far is piety; beyond, it may be the ostentation and bragging of grief, or a design to serve worse ends. I desire to die a dry death, but am not very desirous to have a dry funeral; some flowers sprinkled on my grave would be well and comely—and a soft shower, to turn those flowers into a springing memory or a fair rehearsal, that I may not go forth of my doors as my servants carry the entrails of beasts.’—*Holy Dying*.

While the general revelation of immortality has thus put light in the place of darkness and joy for mourning, the particular Christian doctrine of the Resurrection of the Body in like manner suggests a decency and comeliness in the funeral solemnities. This is no place for theological disquisition, but it should be remembered—what is too much forgotten—that the resurrection of the body is no mere abstruse,



scholastic dogma—nor, what perhaps it is oftener considered—a gross and carnal representation of an eternal truth—but a peculiar revelation of Christianity, involving deep doctrinal and great practical lessons; for it presupposes our flesh here upon earth the abode of the Holy Spirit, and, if rightly considered, cannot fail to make us cultivate purity in a vessel made for eternity. The best human philosophy has either pictured gross earthly substances, or fancied thin and spectral images, the shadow of a shade; but the Christian believes that when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, he who was made in the beginning after the image of God, shall be restored to that image, that the soul shall again be clothed in a more glorious body—the nature of which he pretends not to scan—and each man's individuality preserved—that 'when the sea shall give up her dead, and death and the grave deliver up the dead which are in them,' each person may speak of himself the words which Christ Himself spoke after his resurrection, 'Behold, it is I myself.' It was the misapprehension of this truth that led the heathen persecutors of the Church to burn in contempt the bodies of the martyrs, thus vainly imagining to extinguish the hope of their resurrection; but, while the Christian's faith led him neither to hasten nor to delay the process of corruption in the return of the body to its kindred dust, he knew that He who made and unmade could again collect its scattered particles, whatever ordeal they might undergo, and was ready to 'give his body to be burned'—though not to burn it. The honorable solemnization of funeral rites followed as a matter of course; 'a decent interment,' says Hooker, 'is convenient even for very humanity's sake.' Jeremy Taylor's words will best conclude the argument:—

'Among Christians the honor which is valued in behalf of the dead is, that they be buried in holy ground—that is, in appointed cemeteries. in places of religion, there where the field of God is sown with the seeds of the resurrection, that their bodies also may be among Christians, with whom their hope and their portion is, and shall be forever.'

We have made these remarks preliminary to more practical observations, and, we trust, not an inappropriate approach to the subject of Christian Cemeteries. We have wished to lay the foundation deep and aright, and approach reverently, and step by step, to a subject upon which more con-

fusion and inconsistency of opinion exists than on any other which so closely affects our common humanity. Though it is a favor to which we must all come at last, few agree as to how we should meet it. A prince will give his body to the dissecters; while many a pauper, who has endured all the deprivations of the workhouse, has laid by a pittance to save himself the degradation of a parish funeral. Mr. Loudon would recommend every gentleman to be buried in his own grounds, whose friends probably will only be contented with a vault beneath the altar. Some would make their grave a flower-bed; and others think burial in a cemetery to be semi-heathen. Amid such a labyrinth of superstition, irreverence, ignorance, and right-feeling, so strangely blended, we shall endeavor, under the guidance of the Church universal, to thread out a true, simple and more perfect way.

Enough had been disclosed by the Reports of the Poor Law Commissioners on the sanitary condition of the poor, and of the Select Committee on the Health of Towns, as to the loathsome state of the burial-grounds in populous parishes, to draw some public attention to the subject; and Sir James Graham promptly followed up the matter by instituting a special inquiry into the practice of interment in towns, which now appears as a 'Supplementary Report,' by Mr. Chadwick—a most important, interesting, and comprehensive work, equally marked by laborious research, right feeling, and sound judgment. It will hardly be necessary to harrow up the feelings of our readers by repeating the horrors of Enon-chapel and the Portugal-street burial-ground.\* Our bones, like the grave-digger's in Hamlet, ache to think on't. It may be a newer feature in the controversy to say that there has been a serious doubt among the medical profession whether the putrid exhalations from such masses of corruption have any injurious effect on the health of the living. And even such men as Parent-Duchâtelet and Orfila have taken the negative view of the question. But their argument is at best but

\* See the Report on Health of Towns, and Mr. Walker's 'Gatherings.' The historical portion of the latter work is a direct translation from Vicq-d'Azyr, *Œuvres*, tome vi. p. 257. He has awkwardly converted the Book of Chronicles into one Paralipomenes; and, by a still more unhappy mistake, speaks of the grave of *Elijah*, one of two men who knew not the tomb.

negative also; the alleged innocuousness of the anatomical schools to the pupils attending them, their main position, which may itself be disputed, being more than answered by the positive evidence of the unhealthy state of those residing in the immediate neighborhood of our worst London graveyards. Many will be surprised to hear that it was deemed necessary to collect a large body of evidence to refute these strange opinions of the French school, which seem, like other products of the same soil, to spring from a morbid love of horror for its own sake. It does, however, appear to be established that the putrefaction of animal matter is not so injurious to human life, as that of vegetable matter; and that the physical effects of our present system of intramural burial are as nothing compared with the injury it inflicts upon morals and religion.

A deep feeling of attachment to the offices and fabric of the Church, is a marked characteristic of the people of England, especially among the poor and the well-educated. The very galleries and pews, and other beautifications which so sadly mar the true character of our churches, are oftener the effects of a well-meaning though ill-directed zeal, than of the low and puritanical feeling to which it is now the fashion exclusively to refer them. In like manner, a love and reverence for the Lord's house—ignorant in its sources, and mischievous in its results, we admit—as well as mere worldly pride and vanity, have helped to deface the pillars of our churches with hideous masses of monumental sculpture, and to crowd the pavement with the still more unseemly masses of corruption below. Those who are fond of tracing every abuse in Christian practice to a pagan origin, will find little to help out their theory in respect of the practice of interment within the church. The evil is entirely of modern growth, and could only have occurred under a faith which, while it recognized the sanctity of places set apart for holy worship, rejected all notion of pollution from the dead. Burial in heathen temples was utterly unknown, and scarcely ever allowed within the precincts of the city. The well-known heading of 'SISTE VIATOR' on ancient tombs—justly ridiculed in modern inscriptions by Dr. Johnson, and by Sir Thomas Browne before him—significantly marks the wayside locality of the Roman burial-grounds. Many Greek and Latin words relating to burial, literally signi-

fying 'carrying out,' point to the same custom. And the son of the widow of Nain, who was met by our Lord 'nigh to the gate of the city,' when he was being 'carried out,' may serve to confirm the fact of the Jewish burial-grounds being without the walls.

The earliest Christians conformed to the same practice; and it is a very credible tradition that the proto-martyr St. Stephen was buried where he was stoned, 'out of the city.' Persecution forced the believers to a secret celebration of their common worship; and where would those who held a 'Communion of Saints,' living and departed, so likely betake themselves for prayer and praise to the great Head of their Church, as to the tombs of those who had died in defence of the truths that He taught? Hence the extra-mural catacombs and crypts—the sepulchres of the martyrs—became the first Christian churches, a practice to be afterwards abused by making their churches their sepulchres. For when persecutions relaxed, and Christian temples began to rise in the light of day in the midst of the cities, the tomb-altars and relics of the martyrs, if not enclosed by a sanctuary on the spot, were removed from their original position and enshrined in the new buildings—the fruitful source of many subsequent deflections from the primitive faith—and the origin of the coveted privilege of not being divided in death from those remains which the pious when alive had held in so much honor, that haply, like the man cast into the sepulchre of Elisha, they might partake of a greater portion of life by touching a good man's bones. However such might have been the popular current of feeling among the more enthusiastic and unlearned, the Church authoritatively ever set her face against the innovation of burial within the churches, or even within the city. Indeed those who died in the greatest odor of sanctity, were not at first allowed more than approximation to the outside of the church. The first encroachment on the building itself, was made in favor of Constantine, who yet was not deemed worthy to approach nearer than the outer court or porch of the Church of the Apostles, which he is supposed to have founded: his son Constantius deeming it, as St. Chrysostom declares, sufficient honor if he might lay his father's bones even in the Poreh of the Fisherman. The first step, however, was now taken; and thenceforward to this hour there has been a con-



tinual struggle between the claims of rank, and power, and wealth, and superstition, and self-interest, and covetousness, mingled with feelings of saintly and domestic piety.

Between all these potent motives, and the sincere honor of God's house—need we say which has prevailed? Yet there is an unbroken chain of authority against the usage. We question if there is any one other custom that has been so steadily condemned, and so continually persisted in, as that of burial within cities and churches. The two practices scarcely require a separate consideration; for though in some points of view the arguments against churchyard-burial may be urged *à fortiori* against church-burial; yet the actual state of our civic churchyards has now rendered interment in them the greater evil of the two.

Those who have leisure to consult the laborious records of Bingham, Spoudanus, Piattoli, Vicq-d'Azyr, and Spelman, and other writers on sepulture, will be astounded at the mass of ecclesiastical evidences in favor of extra-mural burial. Bingham shows that for the first three centuries suburban catacombs or cemeteries were almost exclusively adopted. Exceptions, proving the general rule, in favor of emperors, popes, bishops, ecclesiastics, founders, and lay benefactors, continued to increase, with occasional reclamations from the Church, up to the ninth century. From thence to the seventeenth we have a series of twenty councils decreeing the return to the primitive custom—'Morem restituendum curret Episcopi in cemeteriis sepeliendi.' Happily this is a question in which all branches of the Church Catholic do and well may concur: a lengthened detail of all the authorities would far exceed our present limits, but a few citations in chronological order, collected from various sources, of the most remarkable expressions of councils and individuals, may serve, as far as precedent goes, to set this question at rest for ever.

A. D. 331. The Theodosian code forbade all interment within the walls of the city, and even ordered that all the bodies and monuments already placed there, should be carried out.

529. The first clause ratified by Justinian.

563. Council of Brague,—'Nullo modo intra ambitum murorum civitatum cujuslibet defuncti corpus sit humanum.'

586. Council of Auxere,—'Non licet in baptisterio corpora sepelire.'

827. Charlemagne's capitularies,—'Nemo in ecclesia sepeliatur.'

1076. Council of Winchester, under Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury,—'In ecclesiis corpora defunctorum non sepeliuntur.'

1552. Latimer on St. Luke vii. 11.—'The citizens of Nain had their burying places without the city; and I do marvel that London, being so great a city, hath not a burial place without,' &c.

1565. Charles Borromeo, the good archbishop of Milan, ordered the return to the ancient custom of suburban cemeteries.

To take the miscellaneous authorities of modern times:—

Sir Matthew Hale used to say, 'Churches were made for the living, not for the dead;' and directed that his body might be buried in the plainest manner, himself dictating the simplest possible epitaph. The learned Rivet, quoted by Bingham, speaking of the innovation of church-burial, says, 'This custom, which covetousness and superstition first brought in, I wish it were abolished, with other relics of superstition among us; and that the ancient custom was revived, to have public burying-places in the free and open fields without the gates of cities. Grotius, on the same passage of St. Luke on which Latimer has commented, makes the like complaint. In his plan for rebuilding London, Sir Christopher Wren says, 'I would wish that all burials in churches might be disallowed,—and if the churchyard be close about the Church, this is also inconvenient. It will be inquired, where then shall be the burials? I answer, in cemeteries, seated in the outskirts of the town,' &c. The evidence given by the present Bishop of London and Mr. Milman is precisely to the same point.

Such a cloud of witnesses seems irresistible. If anything more is wanted, we may clench the nail on either head of the law of the Twelve Tables—'Hominem mortuum in urbe ne sepelito;' and with the following recommendation (would it were something more) of our own Ecclesiastical Commissioners:—

'We will take this opportunity of observing that the practice of burial in the church or chancel, appears to us to be in many respects injurious; in some instances by weakening or deteriorating the fabric of the church, and in others by its tendency to affect the lives or health of the inhabitants. We are of opinion that in future this practice should be discon-

tinued, so far as the same can be effected without trenching upon vested rights.

' W. CANTUAR	N. C. TINDAL,
C. J. LONDON.	J. NICHOLL.
W. DUNELM.	CHRIST. ROBINSON.
J. LINCOLN.	HERBERT JENNER.
W. St. ASAPH.	C. E. CARRINGTON.
CH. BANGOR.	STEPHEN LUSHINGTON.
TENTERDEN.	R. CUTLER FERGUSSON.
WYNFORD.	

'Dated this 15th day of February, 1832.'

We have dwelt at greater length on this part of the subject, because there appears to be a strong prejudice among churchmen against cemeteries altogether, mainly arising, no doubt, from the objectionable constitution and practice of many of those already established, and partly from the notion of their being a modern and unecclesiastical innovation, adopted like our fancies and fashions, second-hand from revolutionary Paris. Most people's idea of a cemetery is a something associated with great Egyptian lodges and little shabby flower-beds, joint-stock companies and *immortelles*, dissent, infidelity, and speculation, the irreverences of Abney Park, or the fripperies and frigidities of Père la Chaise. Yet these things are in reality nothing but the passing opinions and fashions of the age reflected on an institution as old as the faith which consecrates it. The misfortune is, that in this country we have for ages wanted a model of the primitive usage, otherwise Abney Park would no more be confounded with the exemplar of a Christian cemetery, than our joint-stock proprietary schools are with Winchester or Eton, or a stuccoed 'place of worship,' with the parish church. Yet with their many imperfections, even our present cemeteries can hardly be considered but as a great boon. The earth lies light and the sky hangs blue over many a grave which would otherwise have been subjected to the foul compost, and heavy tread, and sulphurous canopy of a London churchyard; and a real mourner may, without distraction or disgust, cherish and renew his communion with a lost friend, and, like Mary, steal to the grave and weep there. The hopeful manly sorrow of a Christian will hardly, however, take up with the already conventional modes of modern cemeterial sorrow. Custom, like 'a bold peasantry,' when 'once destroyed, can never be supplied' by mere Chinese imitation; the spirit of it is Pythagorean in its nature, and though it shifts from body to body, it will never re-animate its once deserted shell, till

the end of time. The scattered flowers, 'the earliest of the year,' which are infinitely touching in the old and rustic churchyards of Wales, fail to move us in the suburban cemetery, where we suspect them to have been bought of 'Harding, marchand des boquets,' and placed so as 'to be seen of men.' The trim grave-gardens cease to please when we read the company's charge for maintaining them, 'with or without flowers, per annum, 5s.,' or, (for the benefit, we suppose, of young widows) 'ditto, if in perpetuity, 5l.' The whole spirit of the present establishments is necessarily mercenary, and smacks strongly of half-yearly dividends and Copthall Court. The scale of prices varying according to the items of reserved and open ground, extra depth, private grave and public interment, use of screen and chapel, desk service, &c. &c., are of the same character with the 'dissenting minister, [a wide term,] provided by the company,' and 'monuments, if required, erected' by the same accommodating factotum.

One great and universal recommendation seems to be that a portion of the ground is 'unconsecrated;' and as this is a point upon which much of the difficulty of forming new cemeteries hinges, a short reference to it here may not be out of place. Of course all the bigotry falls on the shoulders of the Church, and the conscientious scruples to the lot of the Dissenters. And yet it would seem a feeling more allied to the bigot than the philosopher, to object to be buried in ground *because* the bishop has pronounced his blessing over it. It may in the eye of the non-conformist have gained nothing by the ceremonial, but surely it can be none the worse; we are not yet arrived at the point when the ground shall be deemed cursed for the blessing's sake. But there is an objection to the burial-service; yet we know of no canon that necessarily enforces the reading of it over every corpse consigned to consecrated ground; and in the case of a suspected schismatic, most clergymen would rather be relieved from the office, than insist upon it. But suppose it enforced; then comes the objection, which we do not hesitate to designate the most marvellous cant that ever stood the test of half a century. The objection is to the expression of 'a sure and certain hope'—it is nothing more—'of the resurrection to eternal life,' which the priest ministerially pronounces for the Church over all who die in her communion. Now, in this hope the friends and relations of a person, how-



ever wretched in his life or death, would scarcely be supposed to refuse to indulge: the scruple must clearly be all on the other side; it may, indeed, be a matter of serious doubt and trembling with the clergyman, how far he may be justified in thus pronouncing over one whom (we omit the more difficult cases) he may know not at all, or know only for evil. And this, indeed, was the origin of the objection. It was urged in the first instance by the Puritan clergy as a personal grievance, and then in blind perversion, taken up by the whole dissenting body. Thus a conscientious scruple which an over-charitable clergy may have been too remiss in urging in their own defence, has been adroitly laid hold of by their opponents and turned into a weapon of attack against them. The final and only presentable grievance is, that in consecrated ground they are not allowed to introduce whatever manner of service or ceremony their own unrestricted fancies may devise—a regulation which, comely and expedient at all times, has now been rendered absolutely necessary by the mummeries attempted of late years by bodies unconnected with the 'four denominations,'—Oddfellows and Independent Brethren, of the more innocent kind—Chartists, Socialists, and the like, of the more pernicious.

It is a curious fact, but surprising only to those who have never studied the shifting system of the non-conformists, that the original objection was not to the denial of a service of their own, but to any service at all, whereby, as they alleged, prayer for the dead was maintained. The funeral sermon, now so rigidly exacted by them of their preachers on the death of every paying sitter, was another of their original abominations. It may serve the purpose of a party to decry the burial service of the Church, as lately that for the solemnization of marriage;\* but the love for the Church's last office, in preference to the long extemporaneous effusions with which the dissenters bruise the broken reed of sorrow, still keeps a firm hold even among the dissenters of the rural population.

It is sad to think that our differences and distractions cannot end with this life, but must be carried into the confines of

another world: the blame must rest with those who raise the offence and cause the schism. The Church has never denied her burying-ground even to those who have refused to maintain it; and many a one, it may be feared, has entered her walls the first time as a corpse. What country curate has not felt his charity warmed, and the asperities of his religious zeal softened, to view in his parish churchyard the graves of the Churchman, the Romanist, and the Dissenter, side by side, and returned to the work of his calling with more hopeful feelings for those who separate themselves, and more solemn considerations of the appointed season of the one fold and the one Shepherd? But the arrangement of our present cemeteries excludes these softening influences, and the dissenter has barred himself out a portion, lest he should be thought to identify himself in death with the church he has through life opposed. Since the Churchman cannot be buried in unconsecrated ground, and the Dissenter will not in ground that has been blest, surely charity would suggest the entire separation of their cemeteries as less likely to perpetuate painful and bitter feelings, than the present necessarily antagonistic expression of juxtaposition. When the conventicle is built within a stone's-throw of the cathedral, the windows of either are more likely to be broken.

It is this among other reasons that leads us to urge strongly upon the Church to take up the subject of Cemeteries for itself. The joint-stock establishments at present existing, objectionable on many grounds, are wholly unavailable to the mass of the population, by reason of their expense. They are nothing more than the exclusive luxury of the indulgent few. Two guineas would scarcely cover the very lowest charges at the cemetery, for what the poor man in the country gets for nothing; and two additional guineas are exacted for the commonest headstone. The rich and vain are sconced in like proportion; but against the very poor the cemetery door is inexorably closed. How inconvenient that Death makes all equal landholders, and that the pauper requires as many inches of ground as the owner of ten thousand acres! this has been a sore puzzle to parish vestries; and though ten or fifteen (*Sup. Rep.*) may be buried in the same grave, these cemetery companies have not yet offered sufficiently cheap terms. One company has actually put forth a calculation that seven acres, at the rate of ten coffins in each grave,

\* The marriage service was a while ago the stalking grievance. The law was altered to meet the scruple. The last Registration Report shows that out of 122,496 marriages in 1841, 5882 couples only availed themselves of the new 'registered places of worship.'

would accommodate 1,335,000 paupers ! This agreeable scene for the contemplation of a Christian nation, a member of the House of Commons would turn into a 'dissolving view' of the shortest possible duration, by the prompt application of quicklime ; the following question, with slight variety of expression, having been again and again repeated in committee :—'Do you think that there would be any objection to burying bodies with a certain quantity of quicklime sufficient to destroy the coffin and *the whole thing* in a given time?' How unconsciously does the irreverent euphemism which we have italicised, unveil the revolting nature of the question !

Finding Mr. Loudon\* justly indignant at this cheap burial cry, what shall we say when he himself proposes to convert paupers into manure ! Yet such is actually his plan of employing the surplus corpses of London to fertilize the poor soils in its vicinity. These are his very words :—

'This temporary cemetery may be merely a

\* We had mended a hard pen to deal with Mr. Loudon's book on Cemeteries, his least, and, we add with regret, his last work. While we write, his subject has become to him a stern reality ; and the grave, which he so lately discussed, has closed over him. This must needs take the edge off any censure we were prepared to pronounce on him. His most laborious works have been repeatedly and favorably noticed in these pages—while we deem it our duty to protest against the insinuation of certain pernicious opinions which were too clearly traceable in his earlier writings. We doubt not that the severe sufferings of mind and body—and the latter were grievous indeed—with which he was latterly chastened, left him a wiser and a happier man ; for his last work, which afforded greater scope for its introduction, is found to contain less objectionable matter. Still it was impossible for a mere utilitarian mind rightly to embrace a subject which hangs so closely on the confines of another world. His book, therefore, though useful in many of its suggestions, falls altogether short as a guide to what a Christian cemetery ought to be. We would, however, now rather call attention to his more useful labors as an horticultural writer. After all his unequalled toils, with such over-zealous earnestness did he devote himself to his great work, the '*Arboretum Britannicum*,' that at his death he had nothing to leave his widow and child but the copyright of this and other works. On this one book alone he is said to have expended 10,000*l*. A meeting of his friends has been held to endeavor to dispose of the remaining copies of his works in the hands of his widow ; and we cheerfully recommend the plan proposed to all who do not already possess his works, and who may thus combine their own advantage with an act of real charity. Dr. Lindley has warmly advocated Mrs. Loudon's cause in the '*Gardener's Chronicle*,' to which very useful paper we must refer our readers for the details of the proposal.

field rented on a twenty-one years' lease, of such an extent as to be filled with graves in fourteen years. At the end of seven years more it may revert to the landlord, and be cultivated, planted, or laid down in grass, in any manner that may be thought proper.'

And again :—

'Nor does there appear to us any objection to union workhouses having a portion of their garden-ground used as a cemetery, to be restored to cultivation after a sufficient time had elapsed.'—*Cemet.*, p. 50.

The atrocities of the common pits at Naples and Leghorn, into which the corpses of the poor are indiscriminately tumbled, are to our mind less revolting than these nice calculations of getting rid of the greatest number of troublesome bodies at the least possible expense, and to the greatest possible advantage. They do these things no better in France. The goodly show that strikes the eye of the hurrying visitor at Père la Chaise is but the screen of whited sepulchres that hides the foulness and corruption of the background. There, as in Poland, the bodies of the poor are trenched in, one upon another, in the most revolting disorder !

'Hoc miseræ plebi stabat commune sepulchrum !'

Nothing will secure to the poor of our great cities the decent sepulture which is their right by nature and the Gospel, but transferring the management of cemeteries from private persons and dividend-paying companies, into the hands of a public body uninterested in regarding them as a source of profit. Mr. Chadwick's arguments are to us conclusive against the plan of separate parochial burial-grounds as recommended by Mr. Mackinnon's bill of last session, and other similar schemes. All the present evils, moral, physical, and economical, would, we are convinced, by a parochial agency, be ultimately increased ; but, on the other hand, we see great objections to Mr. Chadwick's own proposition of placing them under the direction of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests. We should be loth to see our burial-grounds severed from the Church, and intrusted to purely secular officers. It would be the abandonment of a great and honored principle, and a great practical discouragement to church membership. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners are the body to which people will naturally look when the absolute necessity of providing additional burial-grounds has become, as it soon will, universally acknowledged. Any attempt on the part of Gov-



ernment to devote public money to an object trenching upon religion, will be met with the same difficulties and outcry that assailed them on the question of factory education. They would have to sacrifice either the Church or their plan. The Dissenters strenuously opposed even the latitudinarian provisions of Mr. Mackinnon's bill; and we feel convinced that the most liberal adoption of Mr. Chadwick's plan would meet with a yet more virulent opposition from the same quarter. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners will be enabled to take a far more unfettered course. Their funds may be devoted to the formation of cemeteries on strictly ecclesiastical principles, without hurting the interest or conscience of any one, but greatly facilitating the present right which every parishioner has to burial in his own churchyard. If it be urged that there are higher and more pressing claims upon their revenues—that the living must not be neglected for the sake of the dead—we answer, that the adoption of cemeteries may, with proper care, be made a source of increase rather than of diminution in their income. The high profits\* realized by the existing companies clearly show, that even with very great reductions in the fees of the rich, and gratuitous interment to the poor, a considerable surplus would remain above the ordinary interest on the original outlay. They have every encouragement to ask for increased powers from Parliament, from the fruits, already ripening, of the legislation of last session. A sum might in the first instance be raised on the security of the Commissioners, to be repaid by instalments. Nor can there be any doubt that if the Church were to take the matter in hand, with the especial object of giving a less costly and more decent interment to the poor—having respect to vested parochial and clerical rights, and devoting any surplus that might accrue to ecclesiastical purposes—many Churchmen would be found to come forward either freely to give or fairly to sell ground for a district cemetery, as they now offer it for a district church. One expense would be avoided in the abandonment of the double chapel arrangement; and we do not see why the suburbs might not be benefited by making the Cemetery Chapels available for the full services of the

Church, and a district assigned the officiating clergyman for spiritual cure.

Then we might see a Cemetery worthy of the Church of England. The painful associations of exclusiveness, and disunion, and traffic, which are connected with the present establishments, would be removed. Rich and poor might lie side by side, and a due supervision of emblems and epitaphs exclude the offensive sculptures and inscriptions which now meet the eye.

Mr. Milman has made a suggestion which we think most excellent; that the funeral procession should not be formed at the house of the deceased, but at the gates of the cemetery. To any one who has undergone the pain of accompanying a funeral through the heedless and irreverent crowds of the metropolis, the relief of this procedure is at once apparent, while to the poor, on the score of expense alone, it would be almost indispensable. It would relieve the immediate thoroughfares to the cemetery from the unceasing passage of the signs of death, and add greatly to the solemnity and impressiveness of the scene, by concentrating, as it were, those wholesome considerations appropriate to the occasion, which are now too often frittered away by the trite and pointless conversation of the mourning coach. The coffin might be removed early on the day of burial—in the case of the poor it would be a great boon to remove it much sooner—to a chamber of the lodge of the cemetery, in the *vestibule* of which the friends of the deceased might meet at the appointed hour to robe.—The advantages of this arrangement would be immense. In the funerals of the more rich, the whole cavalcade of mourning-coaches would be swept away; each mourner would reach the cemetery in the way most convenient to himself—would use his own carriage, if he had one, instead of acquiescing in the unmitigated absurdity of letting it 'follow,' while he puts the friends of the deceased to the cost of providing the one in which he rides. We should be spared, too, the folly of hiring four horses to draw, at a snail's pace, the corpse of him who perhaps when alive never sat, at full trot, behind more than one; and be relieved at the same time from the opposite spectacle, lately introduced, in the shape of a *Cruelty-van*, with a long box under the driver for the coffin, and a posse of mourners crammed into the Clarence behind, all drawn along by one poor horse at a very respectable trot.

\* In one cemetery the actual sale of graves is at the rate of 17,000*l.* per acre. A calculation made for another gives 45,375*l.* per acre, without the fees for monuments, &c.

The chapel of the cemetery should be near the entrance, and thither each band of mourners might follow the corpse of their own friend, and after hearing the psalm and lesson read, proceed to the grave-side service, which—as the burial would be indiscriminate, and no reserved ground for the rich, or neglected corner for the poor—might either be read once over the adjoining graves, or, we would much prefer, separately over each. Norman architecture, from its massive and solemn character, would seem the most appropriate style, especially for the construction of crypts; and a cloister connected with the church, should run round the whole inclosure, which would serve for the erection of memorial tablets, and as a covered passage for mourners to the more distant parts of the cemetery. A portion of this would only be necessary in the first instance, to be afterwards extended as the ground was occupied.

A bold and simple Cross should rise on the most elevated point of ground; and instead of Mr. Barber Beaumont's and Abney Park Cemetery, or the like, they might be called after the apostle or the evangelist in whose name they were consecrated. And this consecration, it should be remembered, is not only a religious rite, but a security of its perpetual reservation and maintenance as a place of interment. The most respectable of our present cemeteries are established under an act of Parliament, and the whole of the ground, blest and unblest, is, we suppose, perfectly safe from future violation. But there are many others, and Abney Park is one, the ephemeral property either of one or several private persons. These, according as the market varies, may be burial-grounds to-day, and Prospect-places or Railroad-stations to-morrow. In fact, when they are quite full, they must almost of necessity be turned to some other use. At Abney Park, we were told on inquiry, that though not an inch of ground is consecrated, an 'Episcopal clergyman' reads the burial-service of the Church of England. We should like to know the bishop that this reverend Episcopalian acknowledges. In one of those called 'Dissenters' burial-grounds, the numbers interred are at the rate of more than 2,300 per acre per annum! In another 'an uneducated man generally acts as minister, puts on a surplice, and reads *the church-service, or any other service that may be called for.*'—*Sup. Rep.* § 156.

We should be very scrupulous as to the

admission of every new-fangled and patented contrivance into the sepulchral pale. King Death's is a very ancient monarchy, and quite of the old regime. The lowering therefore of the coffin from the chapel into the crypt by means of Bramah's hydraulic press, so highly extolled for its solemnity in some of the cemeteries, has too much of the trick of the theatre about it for the stern realities of the grave. Nor is there any thing much better in Mr. Loudon's cast-iron tallies for gravestones, temporary railroad cemeteries, and 'co-operative railroad hearses.' We think that some of the metropolitan clergy have spoken rather unadvisedly in advocating music as enhancing '*the attractiveness*' of a national service of the dead;—and we hardly suppose that Dr. Russell, when pleasantly recurring to his boyhood recollections of the 'ambitious choir' of his native village attempting '*Vital spark of heavenly flame,*' seriously meant to recommend the general revival of such aspiring flights.

Psalms and Hymns at funerals, which have neither propriety nor rubric to recommend them, are now very rightly falling into disuse, even in rural districts, from the melancholy experience of their unsolemn effect.

Liverpool and Glasgow are fortunate in the site of their burial-grounds, but the German cemeteries are those which seem to offer most suggestions for the improvement of our own. The 'Court of Peace,' or 'God's Acre,' to give the German names literally translated, is generally well worthy a visit. A recent traveller says—

'It is a place of public resort at all hours—its gates stand always open. It is planted with a few trees, so that its aspect may not be altogether cheerless; but it is more thickly planted with crosses, gravestones, and monuments congregated together, thick as a forest, slowly advancing foot by foot, year after year, to occupy all the vacant space. Gravestones of various shapes, with lengthy epitaphs, are common among us; here, however, the more touching and trustworthy symptoms of continued recollection are every where observed in the fresh chaplet or nosegay, the little border of flowers newly dug, the basin of holy water, all placed by the side of the funeral hillock.'

All this is perfectly natural and national in the people to whom it belongs, and is very striking and instructive to the English traveller; but the attempt to transplant the sentiment here, presents, in the hands of a Glasgow author, the following serio-comic



burlesque, in the penny-peep-show style of eloquence:—

‘Here may be observed the helpless orphans sitting round the newly-dressed grave of beloved parents; while there, the tender youth may be seen ornamenting that of a darling sister; here, the aged widow mourns, under a weeping willow, the memory of a departed husband; while there, cypress wreaths,’ &c. &c.—*Remarks*, p. 15.

England will never realize the following scene which annually takes place at Munich, and forms certainly one of the most extraordinary spectacles in Europe:—

‘The tombs,’ says Mr. Chadwick, ‘are decorated in a most remarkable way with flowers, natural and artificial, branches of trees, canopies, pictures, sculptures, and every conceivable object that can be applied to ornament or decorate. The labor bestowed on some tombs requires so much time, that it is commenced two or three days beforehand, and protected while going on by a temporary roof. During the whole of the night preceding the 1st of November, the relations of the dead are occupied in completing the decoration of the tombs; and during the whole of All Saints’ Day, and the day following, being All Souls’ Day, the cemetery is visited by the entire population of Munich, including the King and Queen, who go there on foot, and many strangers from distant parts.’—*Sup. Rep.* § 174.

Mr. Loudon states that 50,000 persons walked round the cemetery in one day. On mid-day of the 3rd of November the more valuable decorations are removed, and the rest left to be the spoil of time and weather. The Christian cemetery at Pera is one of the most beautiful spots in the neighborhood of Constantinople, commanding a splendid view of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn, and forming with its mulberry-trees and cypresses, a most conspicuous land-mark. At Weimar the ducal mausoleum has opened its doors to receive the tombs of Goethe and Schiller. At Mayence and Berlin, the cemeteries contain the public monuments of distinguished soldiers, who, officers, and men, are

‘Neighbors in the grave,  
Lie urn by urn, and touch but in their names.’

This circumstance suggests how infinitely preferable National Cemeteries, if they existed, would be to Westminster Abbey or St. Paul’s for the monuments of those whose claim upon our regard is rather for public services than for private virtues.

Mr. Westmacott’s letter on this subject well deserves greater attention than it has yet met with. He draws a very proper distinction between two classes of monuments—‘One, of a personal and commemorative character, and having reference to worldly honor and achievements, and therefore illustrating the importance of the individual; the other, intended to be simple records of the dead—the reminders, not of the glory and honors of a transitory life and of this world, but of that change to which all are doomed.’ (*Letter*, p. 5.) The former class he rightly thinks misplaced in a Christian Temple; and he even proposes to remove the existing statues from the Abbey to the Chapter-House. Public cemeteries would provide a still better ‘Walhalla.’ The ‘*sic sedebat*’ of Lord Bacon or Cyril Jackson, so much more interesting to the age and to posterity than the draped nakedness of Dr. Johnson, or the conventional dress of older monuments, is only inappropriate from the site.

We have preferred to speak of what cemeteries are, and might be, rather than dwell at length on the evils of the present inadequate accommodation for burial in the metropolis and other large cities, which are so glaring and obvious that they scarcely require any notice from us. Each family in its turn feels the inconvenience when death knocks at their own door, but few who have not read Mr. Chadwick’s report have any idea of the extent to which the poor are sufferers by it. The excessive expense of funerals leads those who can only just support their own life, to delay the interment of their dead to the latest possible period; and the corpse is frequently kept more than a fortnight in the one room where a family of six or eight, and often more, sleep, eat, work. To meet the exorbitant demand which the undertaker makes on their petty gains, burial-societies have been very generally established among the humbler orders; and these are often on the very worst system, being for the most part in the hands of low undertakers and publicans, who work the society for their own especial benefit. A more horrible evil has resulted from these clubs, in the neglect or poisoning by their parents of children on whose deaths a sum of money was insured for burial. There have been three or four trials from Stockport at the Chester assizes for infanticide on this motive; and though only one conviction was obtained, no one had any moral doubt of the guilt in some

other cases. It is said to be a common phrase of the gossips in the neighborhood of Manchester respecting a sickly infant—'Aye, aye, that child will not live; it is in the burial-club!' The frauds that are attempted in order to obtain the burial-money, are very ingenious, sometimes amusing. A man and his wife, residing in Manchester, agreed that the husband should pretend to be dead, that the wife might receive the funeral insurance. Due notice of his death is given—the visitor for the society calls to see the corpse—the disconsolate widow points to the 'dear deceased,' whose chin is tied up with a handkerchief in the attitude of death—the visitor is about to depart, satisfied with the fulfilment of his sad errand, when an awkward winking of the eye arrests his attention—he feels the pulse—'there is life in the old dog yet.' The indignant widow asseverates that there has not been a breath in him since twelve o'clock last night. Careful not to hurt her wounded spirit, the visitor hesitates—the neighbors of course assemble—the debate grows warm—till the doctor being sent for dispels doubt, disease, and death, by dashing a jug of cold water into the performer's face. The concluding part must have been not the least ludicrous, when the man was brought up the next morning before Sir Charles Shaw, clothed in the coffin-costume of his imposture.

There exists among the poor of the metropolitan districts an inordinate dread of premature burial; and very terrible stories are told of bodies being found in coffins in positions that seemed to indicate that a struggle had taken place after the lid had been closed. The dread of such a contingency is another of the causes which often delay interment till decomposition has begun. A case of supposed trance lately occurred at Deptford, where, from the absence of some of the usual signs of death, the parents of a lad, who had died suddenly, would not allow the body to be interred till after the space of thirty-five days. At Frankfort there is a singular contrivance to avoid the possibility of premature interment. Receiving-houses are appointed, in which the body is laid out, and a ring connected with a lightly-hung bell is placed on the finger of the corpse, so that the slightest motion of the limb would give the alarm to the watchers. It would seem too skeptical to doubt the fact that people have ever been buried alive; but we can hardly think that in this country the danger is sufficient

to require such extreme precaution. Has the corpse-bell at Frankfort or Munich ever yet been rung? The French provincial news-writers, nearly as trustworthy as their Irish brethren of the same class, are the chief source of the modern tales that are told of the nailing of the coffin awakening its inmate—of bearers being stopped by strange noises on their way to the grave—of bodies found distorted on disinterment, and other like horrors of posthumous life. For ourselves, we should be content with Shakspeare's test—

'This feather stirs; she lives!'

There is another evil of the present system, calling for remark. The class of sextons and grave-diggers, who in the early Church as *copiatæ, fossarii, &c.*, would have borne a respectable office and character, becoming the duties imposed upon them, is notoriously become one of the most demoralized and shameless; and painfully unite in their own body the contrast of the Psalmist, being 'door-keepers in the house of the Lord,' yet 'dwelling in the tents of ungodliness.' It would be well that the lower office-bearers of the Church were more strictly looked after: we verily believe that vergers, sextons, and parish-clerks, make many infidels annually. The evidence given of the habits of the metropolitan grave-diggers, is too sickening to repeat; some idea, however, may be formed of them by a low publication lately advertising 'A correct view of the Church of ———, and the Grave-diggers Playing at Skittles with the Skulls and Bones.' How unlike the 'ancient gentleman' of Shakspeare—'Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them?' But of old, though a skull might occasionally be 'knocked about the mazzard with the sexton's spade,' they did not bury eight or ten corpses in the same grave: nor had the operator to dig through a mass of loathsome soil, 'saturated and blackened with human remains' (*Sup. Rep.*, § 156); nor were his profits increased and his sacrilege stimulated by the half-decayed wood and ornaments of the coffins he disturbed. The sale of second-hand coffin-wood has now become a petty trade in some low districts of London, and a witness describes that he detected by the smell the origin of the firewood in some of the wretched abodes that he visited. We have just heard that one poor man has gone mad on the subject of the desecration of



graves; and that he goes about addressing what audiences he can collect, mounted on a rostrum made of a second-hand coffin, which he snatched from a grave-digger who was about to apply it to use again. The following bit of Mr. Wild's evidence may fitly conclude this part of the subject. He has been speaking of the effect produced by the many funerals which take place at the same time in large parishes, and the remarks of the poor who are kept waiting outside while the service over those whose higher fees are paid is proceeding within the church, half-realizing the scene of Crabbe, where

'waiting long, the crowd retire distress'd,  
To think a poor man's bones should lie unblest'd.'

The further question is asked,

'What other inconveniences are experienced in the service in other churchyards?—It is a frequent thing that a gravedigger, who smells strongly of liquor, will ask the widow or mourners for something to drink, and, if not given, he will follow them to the gates and outside the gates, murmuring and uttering reproaches.

'Is that ordinarily the last thing met with before leaving the churchyards?—Yes, that is the last thing.

'That closes the scene?—Yes, that closes the scene.'

It is stated in Mr. Chadwick's report, that in many parishes of London the corpses of the very poor are not brought within the church at all, and that consequently half the service is omitted. We cannot believe this to be a prevailing custom—for it would hardly have escaped the lynx-eye of the present zealous diocesan; and surely it would be worse than folly to urge the more frequent and strict observance of the Church's general services, if the most solemn of all were notoriously curtailed to the measure of quality or fee. Truly indeed may it be said in this matter that 'until the Church's intentions are completely fulfilled as to her ritual, we do not know what the Church really is, nor what she is capable of effecting.' Mr. Milman emphatically denies this defraudment of the poor for his own curates. All honor be to them! For the denial seems to imply the contrary general use. Too much allowance, indeed, can hardly be made for the zealous and painful clergy of our overgrown metropolitan parishes, who toil on from week to week amidst a mass of crime that they cannot check, and misery that

they cannot alleviate, uncheered by the faintest hope of overtaking the work that lies before them, and by little sympathy from the uncounted wealth that dwells within the sound of their church-bells—but we would beseech them to let no deadening routine of their thankless duties, no salving precedent, no cold calculation of mercenary underlings harden their hearts against the claims of the Christian poor to the full participation of the last offices of the Church. If it were not that Dissent is ten times more crouching to wealth, and grinding to poverty still, 'the poor man's Church' would long ago have been a mockery as applied to the Church of England.

One important point, which we have left unnoticed, the moral effect of cemeteries, as compared with the close town graveyard, will come better recommended in the language of Wordsworth. Coleridge gave his sanction to these words by publishing them in his 'Friend':—

'I could here pause with pleasure, and invite the reader to indulge with me in contemplation of the advantages which must have attended such a practice [wayside cemeteries]. We might ruminate on the beauty which the monuments thus placed must have borrowed from the surrounding images of nature, from the trees, the wild flowers, from a stream running within sight or hearing, from the beaten road, stretching its weary length hard by. Many tender similitudes must these objects have presented to the mind of the traveller, leaning upon one of the tombs, or reposing in the coolness of its shades, whether he had halted from weariness, or in compliance with the invitation, 'Pause, traveller,' so often found upon the monuments. . . . We, in modern times, have lost much of these advantages; and they are but in a small degree counterbalanced to the inhabitants of large towns and cities, by the custom of depositing the dead within or contiguous to their places of worship, however splendid or imposing may be the appearance of those edifices, or however interesting or salutary may be the associations connected with them. Even were it not true that tombs lose their monitory virtue when thus obtruded upon the notice of men occupied with the cares of the world, and too often sullied and defiled by those cares; yet still, when death is in our thoughts, nothing can make amends for the want of the soothing influences of nature, and for the absence of those types of renovation and decay, which the fields and woods offer to the notice of the serious and contemplative mind. To feel the force of this sentiment, let a man only compare, in imagination, the unsightly manner in which our monuments are crowded together

in the busy, noisy, unclean, and almost grassless churchyard of a large town, with the still seclusion of a Turkish cemetery in some remote place, and yet further sanctified by the grove of cypress in which it is embosomed.'

If an English Virgil were to sing the blessings of rural life, he would hardly omit the decency and quiet of the countryman's last home; for Gray's *Elegy*, the verses of Wordsworth and Wilson, and the chapters of Washington Irving and Mrs. Southey, have not exhausted a subject round which the present state of feeling has thrown a new, and, we think, a holier interest. Our country churchyards are not indeed without their defects, often very grievous ones; and while our larger towns must certainly without delay provide additional burying ground, our villages must not be behind in rendering the courts of the Lord's House more worthy of His name, and the uses for which they were set apart for ever. The state of the church material, it is said, may be taken, in most parishes, as an index to the state of the church spiritual. The saying would be more true of its precincts. The poor vicar cannot always find the means or the influence to expend many hundreds upon the fabric; but he can always forego the petty gain of letting, and undertake the slight expense of keeping decent, the churchyard. There are a few simple rules which should be observed in every parish—Never to allow burial within six or eight feet of the walls of the church—to admit no iron palisades round tombs—to carry away, on the opening of each new grave, four or five wheelbarrowfuls of earth to a distant corner of the churchyard—to keep the turfed grave as low as possible, and the general surface of the churchyard below the level of the floor of the church. This last direction seems now often beyond our power. Two, three, and sometimes even four feet of soil lie a continual damper against the outside walls, and necessitate the infliction of Arnott's stoves and hot-water pipes within. But, considering the depth at which the coffins are interred, it would be quite possible to remove two or three feet of earth from the surface without in the least degree disturbing the remains below, taking care that the exact spot of every tombstone was marked that it might be replaced in the same position, and not less observant of each heaving turf beneath which,

'Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
'The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.'

It requires a nice hand and a reverend mind to perform this delicate task rightly, and not one spadeful of earth should be disturbed without the personal superintendence of the clergyman or church-warden. Where this attention is paid, and the minds of the parishioners duly prepared beforehand, a most salutary reform may be effected without committing either injury or offence. Only in this, as in every church restoration or improvement, let no clerk take the measure of his own knowledge or feeling as that of his flock. It requires more pains and time than he may like to give, to bring up his people to his own standard; but he must not expect them to adopt in a day principles and practices which it may have taken him many years, and much reading and reflection, to work out for himself. The soil pared off it will be much better to heap into a steep mound than to carry beyond the churchyard; and another generation may perhaps not be afraid or ashamed to revive upon its summit the ancient and simple Cross, which a bigotry more strange and fierce than the Saracen's, has desecrated, and swept away, almost universally, from its most appropriate site.

The mistakes that have already been committed, make us deprecate any hasty change. We have heard a churchyard eulogized because it was planted to harmonize with the shrubberies of the vicarage—and, being only separated by an invisible wire fence, to appear part of them. This is false in principle, and therefore in taste. A clear boundary should mark the consecrated ground, and the style of planting be accommodated not to the parsonage, but to the church. Straight and angular walks are therefore preferable to the undulating curves of the landscape-gardening school, and formal avenues to mixed clumps. A broad gravel path immediately round the church, is as seemly as convenient. Those who abuse the state of our present churchyards are little aware of the difficulty of rendering them more comely. We know of a little village in one of the midland counties, where the new vicar turned off the tenant and his sheep, took the churchyard into his own hands, and set about to make it the pride of his parish, and the pattern to the neighborhood. Pleased with the idea, he put up new gates after an old fashion, in place of the field-gate that was there before; he planted an avenue of cypresses up to the porch, and



yews and cedars of Lebanon where they seemed most wanted; and, fond, easy man, in the pride of his heart he entered the name and place of his plants, and the date of their planting, on the fly-leaf of the Burial-Register, and dreamt that on some future day, when he slept beneath the shade of his cedar, his successor should settle the age of that wide-spreading tree by turning to that solemn record. How a Mephistophiles would have laughed to see him planting them! The hinds stopped to admire them on the Sunday; they overgot the winter's frost and the summer's drought; nay, escaped the ravages of the stones and fingers of the village children. 'Did I not say,' remarked the vicar, as he pointed to the Virginian creeper that had reddened in the autumn sun, as it clung round the yellow sandstone arch of the porch, 'that if you showed confidence in the people, they would prove themselves worthy of it?' Alas for the short-sightedness of human boasting, and for our fondest hopes of trees and flowers, and rustic taste! There was a slight disturbance in the village that called for the vicar's interference; and the next morning—and Sunday morning too—there lay torn up by the roots, the remnants of the 'trees he planted,' and the creepers he had trained; and which read him probably, as he walked through his ruined idols, a far better homily than the sermon he afterwards preached to his flock. It requires no little faith to persevere after such scenes as these; but though we would by no means discourage our country friends in their attempts to improve their churchyards, we would suggest to the passing traveller and the prying Camdenian a little charity in their judgment, when they lay all the blame at the parson's door.

Many are beginning sadly to overplant their churchyards. Two or three fine old trees are quite enough; and therefore a greater number of young ones should only be planted to meet accidents. After all, what can be better than the single solitary yew, which is all that most of our oldest churches have to boast of? The species of trees appropriate to a churchyard, are very limited. They should either be connected with the associations of Holy Writ, or, as Aristotle would say, xenic—that is, removed from common life. The splendid Deodara and the graceful hemlock-spruce will come under the latter head. But the tree that best unites these two qualities, is the cedar of Lebanon; and its quick growth and hori-

zontal branches, finely contrasting with spiral church architecture, may recommend it where other reasons fail. It is, indeed, a noble tree, as worthy now to guard God's House without as it was deemed of old to furnish it within; and may well represent those trees of the Lord's planting which flourish so greenly in the verses of the Psalmist, and which have thrown an unwonted charm even into the metres of Brady and Tate, for there is surely a simple majesty in these lines:—

'The trees of God, without the care  
Or art of man, with sap are fed;  
The mountain cedar looks as fair  
As those in royal gardens bred.'—*Ps. civ. 8. v.*

The sycamore would remind us of Zachæus, and the vine and the fig-tree are both sacred types. These two last are best suited for the porch, where they might replace the perfidious ivy; and if left to grow in their natural luxuriance, would seldom tempt the pilferer by their fruit. The rose of Sharon, and the wild vine of America (the Virginian creeper), might add their symbols intermixed with these; and on no account should any other flower, save those that spring up naturally from the turf, mar the solemnity of the place. Ivy, when planted at all, should be the narrow-leaved English, not the broad Irish. Loudon gives a list of some five hundred trees, shrubs and flowers, adapted for cemeteries and churchyards; but, as may be supposed from the number, it is rather a select arboretum and flora equally suited to any other purpose. His sketch of the sepulchral style, as contrasted with the pleasure-ground style of laying out a cemetery, is generally correct; but he quite overlooks a principle which we think will be found to hold good universally, that for a cemetery or churchyard the shrubs only should be spiral, the trees massy and horizontal in their branches. In both cases, evergreens are preferable. The old and genuine Scotch pine is one of the best trees for a high situation. The Lombardy poplar should be avoided, as being in too close competition with the spire. The oak is too Erastian, as well as too utilitarian a symbol. The weeping-willow is quite a modern sentimentalism, false as a Christian type, and its name (*Salix Babylonica*), which popularly connects it with Hebrew song, a mere pious fraud of the botanists.

The Yew demands especial notice as the church tree of England—many of the finest specimens of which are undoubtedly older

than the fabrics with which they are now associated. Pages upon pages have been written upon the origin of planting this tree in our churchyards, and form a curious chapter in the history of antiquarian trifling. It is contended that it was placed there as a screen to the church against the winds—a shelter for the congregation assembling—to furnish long bows for the parish—as a funeral emblem of death—as a joyful symbol of the resurrection, as a substitute for palms—as a wood anciently used in funeral pyres, or strewed on coffins—as derived from the pagan reverence for ‘green trees;’ and one *Cædipus* has the hardihood to account for its proximity to the church, that, in troubled times, the congregation, when disturbed, might have a natural armory at hand whence they might cut their weapons. A more obvious reason—its use in decorating the church at Christmas and other festivals—we have never seen suggested in the many essays which this simple subject has produced. Its deadly property to cattle is well known; and whether or not that was a good reason for planting it in churchyards, its presence there is at least a better one for the expulsion of the grazier’s stock, too often found there.

We would plead a word in behalf of the time-honored trees still existing in country churchyards. Many sad spoliations of what all books call ‘Saints’ Yews’ have come under our own knowledge, realizing the old ballad verse—

‘Then came the clerk of the parish,  
As you the truth shall hear,  
And by misfortune cut them down,  
Or they had now been here.’

The title of an ancient statue (35 Edward I.), which runs, ‘*Ne Rector Arbores in Cemeterio prosternat,*’ might be sometimes revived with advantage in the present day. An old story is found in Brand of a clergyman, who, ‘seeing some boyes breaking boughs from the yew-tree in the churchyard, felt himself much injured.’ He be-thought him of a summary method of escaping the like indignity for the future; for, ‘to prevent the like trespasses, he sent one presently to cut downe the tree, and bring it into his back-yard.’ Whereupon two of his cows, feeding on the leaves of it, died. We join with the narrator in the moral of the story, and bring in the verdict of the Irish jury—‘*Sarr’d him right.*’

There is every reason to hope that some check may be given to the present hideous

fashion of country tombstones. Mr. Paget has done for the humbler classes what Mr. Markland’s excellent book has for the higher.\* His ‘Tract,’ which does great credit to the provincial press from which it issues, should be widely distributed in all country parishes, and will hardly fail to diminish the number and size and correct the emblems of the black slate slabs, which, from their ready subjection to the chisel, are making rapid inroads throughout our rural churchyards. From Mr. Paget, as well as the Cambridge Camden Society, we have had drawings of a better class of headstones;† yet, though those designs which we have seen executed in stone are great improvements on the prevailing form, we think there is still room for the exercise of an enlightened and chastened taste. We are still in want of a good collection of posies for country churchyards, to replace

“Afflictions sore long time I bore”,

and others of that class. Perhaps the simpler and older forms of epitaph, imploring mercy and peace, would be more consonant with right feeling; but we could hardly debar our rural population from ‘the sermons in stones’ which they delight to pore over as they loiter among their fathers’ graves before evening service. Only we wish that the poetry and the doctrine put before them were more free from the vulgar extravagancies which now amuse rather than instruct us on village tombstones. Goldsmith has somewhere made a remark on how good and amiable a world this would be, if men’s lives were only spent as they read on their epitaphs. Of men, as Christians—and as such their epitaph should speak of them—the less said is best said. ‘The greater part of mankind must be content, as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man.’

Mr. Chadwick deserves the thanks of the community for having stepped a little out of his way to notice the subject of funeral expenses. *Five millions sterling*, on a moderate calculation, is the sum annually expended in England and Wales alone on this account. Four of these may fairly be set down as squandered on the mere fopperies of death. Will Christian England hear this simple statement and be still? There is a

\* Quarterly Review, vol. lxx. p. 417.

† We have just received, too late to notice it otherwise, a ‘*Paper on Monuments,*’ Oxford, 1844, by the Rev. J. Armstrong, which gives the best designs for churchyard head-stones we have seen.



cry in the streets of towns that count their inhabitants by tens of thousands, for schools and churches; gaunt and squalid poverty, heathen ignorance, and, what is worse, half-knowing infidelity, call aloud for almoners, and teachers, and pastors; and the utmost that our wealth has done for them has never yet in one year met the demand of that year's increase, let alone the accumulations of past years' neglect. And here is an annual *four millions*—a professed offering to domestic piety and Christian decency—which might have met all these demands even to an overflowing—not merely wasted, but degraded to the idlest and meanest uses. This estimate does not include the vain marble, 'the storied urn and animated bust,' and the emblazoned hatchment, of monumental affectation and parade. To what then does it go? To silk scarfs, and brass nails—feathers for the horses—kid gloves and gin for the mutes—white satin and black cloth for the worms. And whom does it benefit? Not those in whose honor all this pomp is marshalled—not those who often at a costly sacrifice submit to it as a trammel of custom—not those whose unfeigned sorrow makes them callous at the moment to its show and almost to its mockery—not the cold spectator, who sees its dull magnificence give the palpable lie to the preacher's equality of death—but the lowest of all low hypocrites, the hired mourner, whose office it is a sin to sanction and encourage. There is a time in every family when one room in the house of the living is the chamber of death—when words are whispered low, and the smile is checked, and the light of the sun is darkened, and the sternest master is mild, and the most bustling servant is still, and no one has the heart to choose the wood for the coffin, or haggle about the price of broadcloth. Then, when false shame or true affection makes us puppets in the hands of others, a mercenary stranger,

'Like the ghoul of the East, with quick scent for the dead,'

'undertakes' the measure and evidences of our grief, and by 'only what is customary' is at once the arbiter, and director, and purveyor of the trappings of woe, taking his own orders, and charging his own prices, according as he may estimate the pride, or piety, or purse of his helpless employers.

It speaks volumes of the iron grasp with which that monster custom has clutched us here, that a bill of 60*l.* or 70*l.* for funeral

expenses is passed, as a matter of course, by a Master of Chancery, even in an insolvent estate. From 60*l.* to 100*l.* for an upper tradesman, 250*l.* for a gentleman, 500*l.* to 1500*l.* for a nobleman—such is the ordinary metropolitan scale, as announced by the officials of the great Leveller, for attendance on the funerals of many who have left their widows and orphans destitute, their debts unpaid, and perhaps wanted themselves the comforts, even the necessities of a dying-bed.\* The family pride, that turned a deaf ear and a stone heart to the calls of living wretchedness, comes to the rescue when the unfortunate has ceased from troubling, and gladly pays to the last claim that which, if given before, might have inconveniently prolonged and increased further demands. Poor Sheridan proved not in his death more truly the faithlessness of summer friends, than he did in his funeral the hollow mockery of posthumous parade; and Moore never struck a nobler or more independent chord than when he sung,

'How proud will they flock to the funeral array  
Of one whom they shunned in his sickness and  
sorrow!

How bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-day,  
Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow!"

It was probably with a prescient dread of some such empty pageantry that Pope ordered, by will, that his pall should be supported by poor men only. This office—indeed the more real service of carrying the bier itself—was formerly the privilege of the nearest relations and dearest friends. The holy Lady Paula has this honor recorded of her by St. Jerome, that the bishops of Palestine carried her forth with their own hands, and put their own necks under her coffin,

'Bending beneath the lady and her lead.'

Good Isaak Walton was told by the Bishop of London who ordained George Herbert, that 'he laid his hand on Mr. Herbert's head,

\* The average surplice-fee for the clergyman for the whole of London, where almost alone it exists, and which forms the chief source of income in some parishes, is 6*s.* 2*d.* The average funeral expense for the whole London population is about 15*l.* Pauper coffins are contracted for at 1*s.* 6*d.* each. Undertakers themselves acknowledge that 56 per cent. might be deducted from their usual charges, and leave them a fair remuneration. The whole of Mr. Chadwick's Report on this part of the subject proves the undertaking system to be, what, in another sense, Lord Portsmouth delighted to call a *black job*.

and, alas, within less than three years lent his shoulder to carry his dear friend to the grave ;' and it was often a matter of friendly rivalry who should be allowed to carry a good man deceased to his last home. Even in our own day, we read in the life of Sir Walter Scott, that ' His old domestics and foresters made it their petition that no hireling hand might assist in carrying his remains. They themselves bore the coffin to the grave.' If modern effeminacy or refinement can only lay a hand to a tassel, where our fathers put their shoulders to the coffin, at least some poor dependents might be selected for underbearers, on whom the funeral dole would be better bestowed than on hired strangers. Now—the men who share in the funeral baked meats are thus described by one of their masters;—' They are frequently unfit to perform their duty, and have reeled in carrying the coffin. The men who stand as mutes at the door, as they stand out in the cold, are supposed to require more drink, and receive it liberally. I have seen these men reel about the road, and after the burial we have been obliged to put these mutes and their staves into the interior of the hearse, and drive them home, as they were incapable of walking. After the return from the funeral, the mourners commonly have drink again at the house.' (*Sup. Rep.* § 56.) No one who has read 'Inheritance'—and who has not?—can fail to be reminded here of Miss Pratt's arrival at the Earl's.

'It was drawing towards the close of a day, when the snow had fallen without intermission, but was now beginning to abate. A huge black object was dimly discernible entering the avenue, and dragging its ponderous length towards the castle; but what was its precise nature the still falling snow prevented their ascertaining. But suddenly the snow ceased, the clouds rolled away, and a red brassy glare of the setting sun fell abruptly on the moving phenomenon, and disclosed to view a stately full-plumed hearse. There was something so terrific, yet so picturesque, in its appearance, as it ploughed its way through waves of snow—its sable plumes and gilded skulls nodding and grinning in the now lurid glimmering of the fast-sinking sun—that all stood transfixed with alarm and amazement. At length the prodigy drew near, followed by two attendants on horseback; it drew up at the grand entrance, the servants gathered round, one of the men began to remove the end-board—that threshold of death—and there was lifted out, not "a slovenly unhandsome corpse betwixt the wind and his nobility," but the warm, sentient, though somewhat discomfited, figure of Miss Pratt.'

Thus are farce and tragedy mixed up in the drama of life, and remind us of the schoolboy puzzle, which, by a slight harlequinade of the letters, turned 'funeral' into 'real fun.'

In olden times, when charity implied an act and not only a feeling, almsgiving accompanied the performance of every Christian service. Men were not afraid of doing good works, lest they should be said to rest upon them. And the funeral Dole,\* though it undoubtedly led at times to great excesses, was one of the occasions which helped to equalize wealth, and make the poor partakers of our substance and hospitality. The Fathers, indeed, are full of condemnation of the abuses of the anniversary festivals of the dead, which savored more of the Parentalia of the Gentiles than of the doles of Churchmen; our own Puritans also, not without reason, attacked the carousing and junketing of the Month's Myndes;† but the same objections hardly hold good against the dole and almsgiving at the time of the funeral. St. Jerome commends a widower upon this account—'that whilst other husbands throw violets, and roses, and lilies, and purple flowers upon the graves of their wives, our Psammachius waters the holy ashes and bones of his wife with the balsam of alms.' Old English wills are full of such instructions as that of William de Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, 1397—that 'twenty-five shillings should be daily distributed among three hundred poor people from the time of his death to the arrival of his body at Bustlesham.' And Strutt gives among the articles of expense at the funeral of Sir John Rudstone, mayor of London, 1531—'To poor folke in almshouses, 17. 5s.' &c.; and the list might be easily lengthened. If respect for the dead necessarily involve unusual expenditure; surely such objects as the above are more reasonable items than those which occur in a modern undertaker's bill of

\* The origin and signification of the word are well explained by these lines from Percy:—

"Deal on, deal on, my merry men all, deal on your cake and wine;

For whatever is dealt at her funeral to-day, shall be dealt to-morrow at mine."

† The day month after the funeral, as year's mind was the anniversary. Sir Robert Chicheley, grocer, and twice Lord Mayor of London, who died in 1439, 'wylled in his testament, that upon his Mynde Day a good and competent dinner should be ordayned to xxiiii C. pore men. And over that was xx ponde destributed among them, which was to every man two-pence.'—*Brand's Pop. Antiq.*, Sir H. Ellis's Ed., vol. ii. p. 192.



'ostrich feathers, 1*l.* 1*s.*; man carrying ditto, 8*s.*; eighteen pages, silk bands and gloves, 11*l.* 14*s.*' and the like.

It is to be lamented, but perhaps not wondered at, that the more the dead have been honored, the more the living have been forgotten—the poor stunted as the parade has increased. We omit in this view the extraordinary occasions when in the palmy days of pageant and heraldry the combination of great worth, wealth, and rank—all, or some of them—made a funeral procession an affair of state; and which in no way justifies the appropriation of the dead-letter of a spirit of nobility which has passed away, to the obsequies of persons who in those days would not have been allowed to subscribe '*gent.*' as their designation. But while the ceremonial pomp of our fathers has been retained, their charity, whether by the will of the deceased, or the largess of the surviving, is too often omitted, and the mural tablet now generally records the virtues which were once more indirectly, but not the less sensibly, portrayed on the same church-walls in the list of parish benefactions. Let us hope that the like spirit which is now converting the sepulchral monument from being the disfigurement of the church into its ornament, that substitutes the painted window and the sculptured font for the pompous and unmeaning tablets of the last age, may be yet further extended to the more judicious application of funeral expenses. We do not hesitate to denounce the present accumulation of ceremony and outlay at funerals as not only ridiculous but sinful. In ordinary cases it is out of all proportion to the means of the family incurring it, and not unfrequently a most grievous burden. But where money is of little moment, how far better would it be to expend the sum consumed in an hour's passing pomp on the lasting and substantial good of a memorial school-room or an alms-house, in restoring an aisle, or adding a porch to the parish church! Some sacrifice on the death of a friend humanity seems to demand—who does not read '*Rasselas*' with a double interest when he knows it was written to pay the cost of a mother's funeral? Affection, where it exists, suggests it: and its absence, where it exists not, is scarcely a less stimulant, lest the niggard hand should betray the cold heart. The world, always leaning to the uncharitable side, while it gives little credit to a costly outlay, yet sees in a cheap funeral the measure of the love of the survivors; and few have the

courage to undergo this ordeal. But let a distribution be made or announced on the day of the funeral, which, while the minimum sum is expended on the obsequies, by the amount saved from the undertaker's clutches, shall feed and clothe, and teach the poor, and the most ignorant will be satisfied, and the most envious silenced. If we could be brought to view this matter simply as Christians, nay, as mere men of common sense, 10*l.* would suffice in towns, and 5*l.* in the country, for that upon which hundreds are now squandered, and of which not a trace remains. Something may be said for a sumptuous monument; it wards off oblivion for a generation or two, from a name that would otherwise be forgotten; it speaks for a time of and to the charities of family and home; but the train of hired feathers and hack coaches has none of these things to recommend it; the impression produced by it is purely evil. We thank Mr. Chadwick for reminding us of these nervous lines of Crabbe—

'Lo! now, what dismal sons of Darkness come  
To bear this daughter of Indulgence home;  
Tragedians all, and well arranged in black!  
Who nature, feeling, force, expression lack;  
Who cause no tear, but gloomily pass by,  
And shake their sables to the wearied eye  
That turns disgusted from the pompous scene,  
Proud without grandeur, with profusion mean!  
The tear for kindness past affection owes;  
For worth deceased the sigh from reason flows;  
E'en well-feign'd passions for our sorrow call,  
And real tears for mimic miseries fall:  
But this poor farce has neither truth nor art,  
To please the fancy or to touch the heart;  
Dark, but not awful, dismal, but yet mean,  
With anxious bustle moves the cumbrous scene;  
Presents no objects, tender or profound,  
But spreads its cold unmeaning gloom around.  
When woes are feign'd, how ill such forms  
appear;  
And oh! how needless when the woe's sincere.'

*The Parish Register.*

On the other hand, conceive for a moment what our towns might have saved in workhouses and prisons—what buildings in their place devoted to religion and charity they might have exhibited, if, during the last age, the forty pounds which might have been saved out of every fifty wasted on funeral fopperies had been rationally expended. Let it not be said that it is vain to argue thus—that the money if not spent on the funeral would not have been spent at all, or at least in no better way; because nature will demand a sacrifice in the last gift of love, and of old it did flow in a nobler channel. It is not cheap, so much as plain, funerals that we advocate. We

grudge not the 'waste of ointment,' however costly, so it be poured out in the honor of God, and not for the pride of man; and the very want of our Lord's visible presence suggests that we have the poor in His room.

And yet, after all, in the case of our dearest friends deceasing, it may be feared that the world and its fashions will have their way. We cannot bear, perhaps, the thought of withholding, in the case of others, even the lacquered cherubs and French polished mahogany of the undertaker's bill. But there is one case which comes nearest home to us, on which we *may* decide, for 'once it shall come to pass, that concerning every one of us it shall be told in the neighborhood that we are dead;' and then there may be found that strict written injunction with regard to our own funeral, that even the extreme officiousness of love dares not disobey. Mere general directions, however, will not suffice. Few fail even now to give instructions, verbal or written, that no unnecessary sum shall be expended on their burial. But each one must name the definite amount beyond which the expenditure shall not go, and name also the rescued sum which shall be devoted to charitable purposes. Details must not alarm us; we must name the elm coffin, and the coarse linen, and dispense explicitly with mutes, and hat-bands, and kid gloves. The carpenter must be the undertaker, and six poor men to carry us in place of the four-horsed hearse. If we thus took the ordering of our own funerals upon ourselves, our friends would be relieved, and the world satisfied; and though eccentricities might sometimes peep out of the instructions, there would be little fear of often encountering the orange-colored pall and cloaks of the late Dr. Somebody, or the 4000*l.* for an equestrian statue of himself, left a short time since by one Mr. Hobart.

Many of the best and greatest men have left strict injunctions on this head, which have mostly been evaded for want of more definite expressions. A few only occur to us at this moment, as Pope and Burke, Sir M. Hale, and we think Bishop Hall. All strongly deprecated funeral extravagance. Evelyn records of his mother that on her death-bed she importuned his father 'that what he designed to bestow upon her funeral, he would rather dispose among the poor.' We learn from Gregory Nyssen,\*

that Ephrem Cyrus left it upon his will, that nothing should be expended on his funeral, but whatever should be appointed for that should be given to the poor. Paula, to whom we referred before, left not money so much as to buy a winding-sheet. St. Basil asks the rich—'What need have you of a sumptuous monument, or a costly entombing? Prepare your own funeral whilst you live. Works of charity and mercy are the funeral obsequies you can bestow upon yourself.' Sir Thomas Wyndham, 1521, directs his 'body to be buried without damnable pomp, or superfluities;\* and the old wills abound in similar injunctions. The Roman sumptuary laws expressly forbade expensive funerals; might not taxation, which in modern times supersedes the necessity of direct restrictive enactments, help to diminish the increasing folly?

It would be unjust to the Gallican Church not to notice especially her continual efforts against the repeated inroads of intramural burial. These she has persevered in, even in spite of the Pope's decretals giving hereditary rights of burial within the church to wealthy and noble families. Mr. Walker reprints a most valuable document, taken from a New York publication, in the form of an ordinance of Stephen Charles de Lomenie de Brienne, Archbishop of Toulouse, who was made a cardinal by Pius VI. Making allowance for some doctrinal points, to which we might not agree, the archbishop's letter gives the best history of, and the most conclusive arguments against, intramural burial, which we have yet seen. After referring to thirteen ordinances published in France alone, between the years 1600 and 1721, against the practice, he thus appeals to the feelings of those who might be disposed to persist in their privilege of interment in or near the church:—

'If inhumation around churches is to be allowed, can cities be perfectly salubrious? If priests and laymen, distinguished for piety, are to be buried within, who shall judge of this piety, or who presume to refuse their testimony? If the quality of founder or benefactor is a title, what rate shall fix the privilege? If the right is hereditary, must not time multiply the evil to excess, and will not our churches at length be crowded beyond endurance? If distinctions of rank are to exist after death, can vanity know any limitation or judge? If these distinctions are to be procured for money, will not vanity lavish riches to procure them? And would it be proper for the Church to prostitute

\* Bingham, *Antiq.* *ixiii.* 2.

\* Nicolas, *Test. Vet.* p. 581.



to wealth and honor only due to such as have been rendered worthy by the grace of God ?

Such is the unanswerable appeal. Now for the manner of enforcing it :—

‘ We are disposed, dearly beloved brethren, to show all possible moderation in this necessary reformation ; though charged to be strict in the fulfilment of our pastoral duties, we are allowed a discretionary power, and can consult your habits, your opinions, and even your prejudices, and all that may conciliate your interests with the glory of God ; but woe to us if, blinded by weakness, we lose sight of the experience of past ages, and suffer things still to continue that have till now served, and can only serve, to perpetuate disorder.’—*Gatherings*, p. 72.

The reasonableness of the injunction, and the moderation in effecting it, we earnestly recommend to our spiritual rulers. On the other hand, we will not think so ill of our aristocracy as to believe that family pride will stand out for the pitiably Pharisaical distinction of burying within the church—of all privileges the most unprofitable to the possessors, and unedifying to the people. There can be few cases where they have the shadow of a legal right ; and an episcopal injunction might, we suppose, in every case, avail to suppress it. Belial and Mammon are the presiding deities of private vaults ; for Christianity, reason, and decency, must, on an unprejudiced view, equally abhor them. The material appearance of a charnel-house is positively more nauseous than that of an earthen grave, and the process of corruption there perhaps the more loathsome of the two. When Allan Cunningham was offered by Chantrey a place in his own new elaborate mausoleum, Allan answered like a man and a poet, ‘ No, no, I’ll not be built over when I’m dead ; I’ll lie where the wind shall blow and the daisy grow upon my grave.’ His wish was granted ; he was laid in the lap of his mother earth, under a simple sod ; and, according to a brother poet’s prayer ;—

‘ The evening sun  
Shines sweetly on his grave.’

The fact that the tombs most conspicuous in the Cemetery at Kensal Green, where ‘ Honest Allan’ thus reposes, are those of St. John Long, the quack, Ducrow, the equestrian, and Morison, the *hygeist*, will not perhaps tend to raise the value of granite, and marble, and bronze, in the public mind. There is something, too, very dis-

gusting to us in the public exhibition of coffins, such as takes place in the catacombs of the cemeteries, and in some nobleman’s vaults, on payment of a fee. Like making a spectacle of an execution, or thronging to the funeral of a suicide or a murderer, this is hardly the healthy Christian contemplation of death, but rather springs from the same morbid feeling that led the Egyptians to introduce a skeleton in their feasts, and Lord Byron to have his drinking-cup made of a skull—not a repose, but an excitement—the substitution, in either case, for the wholesome fear of death, of a braving of

‘ The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon.’

A great deal has been said of late of the unchristian ‘ respect of persons’ shown by the ambitious and monopolizing pews of too many of our churches ; and certain it is that such distinction of rank in God’s House is very hurtful in many ways, and that if there is to be an inequality at all, the tables should be turned, and the best places allotted to those who have, as is supposed, most to learn, and who are the Church’s peculiar care. But surely it is far more shocking to right feeling to carry this inequality into the grave : we mean not in monuments, which may result merely from affection using its proportionate means, but in the place of burial, so that the poor man shall have the northern and unsunned corner of the churchyard, while the chancel shall hardly be deemed good enough for the deceased rector. Even the growing spirit of church decoration may be perverted, if the foundation be not rightly laid ; for in many cases where the greatest care is bestowed upon the fabric, it seems rather to be viewed as a family mausoleum than as a place of common worship ; and the high principle that is contended for will be little advanced if the green-baized pew only gives place to the emblazoned monument. Let the high clergy and laity follow Allan Cunningham’s example, and give such directions about their burial that the poor man may see some little sincerity of action, as well as warmth of profession, and have no more repetition of the old but eloquent epitaph—

‘ Here I lie beside the door,  
Here I lie because I’m poor ;  
Further in the more they pay,  
Here I lie as well as they.’

For our own part, when we think over the lives of those who claim chancel-vaults,

and of those who rest in the churchyard without a stone to mark the spot of their interment—like Crabb's old Dibble we would content ourselves with the humbler allotment, and

'Join the party that repose without.'

'To subsist in lasting monuments,' says Sir Thomas Browne, 'to live in their productions, was large satisfaction unto old expectations, and made one part of their Elysiums. But all this is nothing in the metaphysics of true belief. To live, indeed, is to be again ourselves, which being not only an hope but an evidence, in noble believers 'tis all one to lie in St. Innocent's churchyard as in the sands of Egypt. Ready to be any thing in the ecstasy of being for ever, and as content with six feet as with the moles of Adrianus.'

Though, as we have already said, we differ from Mr. Chadwick as to the hands into which the providing and maintenance of cemeteries should fall, we can have no difficulty, and we think the nation will go along with us, in coming to the same main conclusion with him :—

'That on the several special grounds, moral, religious, and physical, and in conformity to the best usages and authorities of primitive Christianity and the general practice of the most civilized, modern nations, the practice of interments in towns in burial places amidst the habitations of the living, and the practice of interment in churches, ought for the future, and without any exception of places, or acceptance of persons, to be entirely prohibited.'—*Sup. Rep.* § 249.

We also fully agree with him—'That the necessities of no class of the population in respect to burial, ought to be abandoned as sources of private emolument to commercial associations;'—that 'institutions of houses for the immediate reception, and respectful and appropriate care of the dead, under superior and responsible officers, should be provided in every town for the use of all classes of the community;'—that 'an abatement of oppressive charges for funeral materials, decorations, and services,' should be made; and we are sure that he would meet us with his concurrence in the suggestions we have tendered for the general diminution of all funeral parade. We cannot take leave of the Report without thanking its able author for the very great public service he has achieved by it.

And now, something must be done in this matter, and that without delay. This day the sun will set in Britain upon a thousand corpses of those who saw the light of yesterday. It will be the same to-morrow,

but with increasing ratio; our burial-grounds are meanwhile almost stationary; and the mind shudders to think of the accumulating horrors which must ensue from a continuance of things as they are. There is no doubt whose prerogative it is to conduct the rites of Christian burial, and whose duty, therefore, it is to come forward at the present moment, and rescue them from their increasing desecration. One year more, and a new concession may be wrested from the Church, and another tie may be broken; and while Churchmen are busied in fine-drawing the Articles in their studies, and carving rood-screens in their workshops, the opportunity of a great practical restoration, at once primitive and catholic, pious, edifying, and popular, may be allowed to slip away, to fall into the hands of speculators and Dissenters. Never—if we may, without irreverence, apply to a minor want of the Church that expression which was more solemnly appropriated of old to her greatest need—never was the Fulness of time for a specific object more signally come. The necessity of the case is not more urgent, than are the means to meet it prompt and ample. The antidote as well as the bane is before us. The very existence of the Ecclesiastical Commission, unwelcome as it may be to many even in its improved constitution, offers the fortunate—may we not say, providential—accident of a motive power and machinery made to hand to carry out the material framework; while the spirit to give life and energy to a movement in the direction of primitive usage, is only not boiling over for want of a vent at which to expend itself. It is not in this only, but in greater matters, that we want good practical men to guide the present high-running tide of Church principles—a change for which, on the whole, we cannot be too grateful. No great change of mind, for good or for evil, was ever the unassisted work of man. Despite the cries of old women and the fears of philosophers—nay, despite the serious offences of the masters, and the laughable flounderings of the disciples, no unprejudiced observer can fail to recognize in the present signs of the times, a more than common reading of '*vox populi, vox Dei*.' Let the leaders only, instead of shrinking into irresponsible privacy from the immediate duties to which they have been called, or provoking friends into enemies by one-sided histories and extreme theories, or frittering away their learning on copes and candlesticks, take a



manly and practical view of the present requirements of the English Church, and as has been done in one field by the vicar of Leeds, take up such questions as this we have now discussed—where the want is clear and palpable, and the remedy simple and well defined. 'Going over the theory of virtue in one's own thoughts, talking well, and drawing fine pictures of it;' this may suffice for the philosopher, but not for the Divine. Let it never be said of English theology, as it was of Grecian ethics, that when its written principles were highest, its practical development was at the lowest ebb. Of course we do not mean to apply this personally; we speak of measures, not of men. No great principles were ever yet advanced by the mere speculations of the closet. The benefactors of mankind—those for whose being we have to give God thanks—have not been content with putting forth abstract opinions, but, like their great Master, have employed themselves in going about doing good. It is a commendation in the Gospel, that the love of a disciple was deepest shown, in that the work she did was done 'for burial.' We look to the Fathers of our Church to draw the conclusion, and sum up our paper in the words of the faithful Borromeo—'*Morem restituendum curent Episcopi in cimiteriis sepe- liendi.*'

BRITISH MUSEUM.—The gross total amount of all receipts from Christmas 1842 to Christmas 1843 was 37,314*l.* of which 24,432*l.* arose from sums already received from the Parliamentary grant of 1843-44. The total expenditure during the same period amounted to 35,488*l.*, leaving a balance in hand of 1,826*l.* The estimated expenditure for 1843 amounted to 37,526*l.* The estimated charge from Lady-day 1844 to Lady-day 1845 is 39,487*l.*, and the sum proposed to be voted by Parliament 37,987*l.* The total number of persons who were admitted to visit the British Museum, and to view the general collections, during the year 1843, amounted to 517,440, being less by 30,274 than the number who visited the establishment in 1842. The number of visitors in former years was as follows, viz.:—in 1838, 266,008; in 1839, 280,050; in 1840, 247,929; and in 1841, 319,374. The number of visits made to the reading-rooms for the purpose of study or research, was about 1950 in 1810, 4300 in 1815, 8820 in 1820, 22,800 in 1825, 31,200 in 1830, 63,466 in 1835, 76,542 in 1840, 69,303 in 1841, 71,706 in 1842, and 70,931 in 1843, exhibiting the enormous increase, between the years 1810 and 1844, of 68,981 readers, or between 35 and 40 times more than in 1810. The number of visits by artists

and students to the sculpture galleries, was about 4938 in 1831, 6081 in 1835, 6354 in 1840, 5655 in 1841, 5627 in 1842, and only 4907 in 1843. The number of visits to the print-room was about 4400 in 1832, 5065 in 1835, 6717 in 1840, 7744 in 1841, 8781 in 1842, and 8162 in 1843. In the manuscript department 805 MSS. and 35 original charters have been added since the last return. These MSS. include 320 vols. of Syriac, of great biblical and theological importance, the greater portion written between the 6th and 9th centuries. The number of printed books recently added to the library is 11,549, of which 545 were presented, 2039 received by copyright, and 8965 purchased. The reading-rooms have been kept open 295 days, and the average number of daily readers has been 244. It appears that each reader consulted, on an average, nearly five books a day. To the zoological collection 21,864 specimens of different classes of animals have been added during the present year.—*Literary Gazette.*

ENGLISH HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS.—We have had the gratification of a glance at an extremely interesting collection of correspondence and other MSS., which Mr. Bentley has recently had the good fortune to procure for publication. It consists of letters of King Charles I. and II., and also of a large number of Prince Rupert's; and many of them of great personal as well as historical importance. Like the Evelyn, Pepys, and other literary treasures, these documents have been curiously and safely preserved. Mr. Bennett, the secretary to Prince Rupert, was their original *custodier*, and in his family they were handed down till an intermarriage with the family of Mr. Benet, the member for Wiltshire, brought them into his possession. It is remarkable enough that though so nearly alike in name, the ancestor of Mr. Benet was distinguished on the side of the parliamentarians, whilst the ancestor of the female line of Bennett was serving the king; and there was no consanguinity, till their descendants were united. We look forward to the appearance of these remains with much curiosity, as likely to elucidate many matters belonging to one of the most memorable eras in English history. One of the papers we looked at was a receipt signed in a bold hand by Prince Rupert for 1500*l.*, his two quarters' pension to Christmas.—*Lit. Gaz.*

NAPOLEON RELICS.—M. Marchand, who was valet-de-chambre to Napoleon, has addressed a letter to the *Constitutionnel*, respecting the sale, by the executors of Sir Hudson Lowe, of various articles described as having belonged to the late Emperor. M. Marchand declares, that some of the articles so described were never in the possession of the Emperor. He mentions particularly the Bréguet watch, the portrait, and the garden-chair; and adds, that although the hair in the medallion may be genuine, the ribands connected with it had never been worn by Napoleon.—*Athenæum.*

## NEW SPIRIT OF THE AGE.\*

From the Westminster Review.

*A New Spirit of the Age.* Edited by R. H. Horne. Smith Elder and Co.

A TITLE of large promise. Amidst all that is even now stirring all human things to their deepest depths, the announcement of a yet newer spirit is pregnant with high interest. For it is, after all, the "spirit" which can alone give value to the material. The aspiring, the upward, and the onward, are all encircled in the term spirituality. It is synonymous with progress, with the growth of man from the savage state, with matted hair, projected muzzle, high cheek bones, and prominent eyes, up to the highest forms of human beauty; it is synonymous with the release of man from physical drudgery to mental exercise—his intellect gaining knowledge, and his spirituality teaching him, or impelling him to, its rightful application in the purposes of beneficence.

Through the whole range of human pursuits, we find constant traces of this advancing spirit, more rife at the present than at any former period of the world's history. And the reason for this is obvious. There is a large leisure class who have time to think, who are clothed, fed, and lodged while thinking, with more or less freedom from anxiety, and their thoughts are directed to the processes best adapted for guiding the work of the workers, and shaping it to the most useful ends. The workers have more supervisors over them, and produce better results; they waste less labor. A society of all workers would do little more than realize their own physical consumption. A sailing vessel, with a large crew and no captain, would be lost, with all its power of physical labor. Converted into a steam-moving vessel by the long studies of men of leisure, the drudgery of the mass of the crew is dispensed with, and a very small minority do the work. They are set free to become men of leisure or workers at other things. All that is greatest in the history of human actions, has been produced, not by the workers, but by the thinkers. The changes that take place are the result of thoughts of individual minds, practicalised by the more active workers of greater physical energy. Even the law-makers are

\* This work has been lately republished in this country by J. C. Riker in a neat 12mo edition, and by Harper and Brothers in a cheap form.

but rarely statesmen or legislators. The world rarely sees the "spirit" which moves the external agency of a wise and beneficent law. Practical men gain the reputation, the power, the wealth. The "spirit" rests from its work contentedly, unknown, and says "it is good."

All art, invention—i. e. original art—is but the embodiment of "spirit" in some form directly or indirectly useful to man. Art is but the combination or arrangement of natural principles to produce new results; and the organization of bodies of men or bodies of matter are, in all cases, operations of the "spirit." The art by which Michael Angelo found the statue in the marble block, and the art by which Oliver Cromwell found a cavalry regiment in a rude mass of men and horses, were alike operations of the "spirit." The spirit of Watt could discern the form of the steam-engine in the metallic ore, with the dim vista of countless thousands of human beings set free from drudgery in the hewing of wood and the drawing of water; and the spirit of Arkwright beheld the forms of various kinds of matter combining into a mill for grinding out clothing by miles. These men put forth their "spirit" in actual forms, to the cognizance of the world. Other spirits, as Homer and Shakspeare, gave their creations to the world in written descriptions; their ideal embodied their actual. Michael Angelo, Oliver Cromwell, Watt, and Arkwright, actualized their ideal. But there it is, the self-same "spirit" in all, making itself obvious to man's apprehension in one or other of the various modes by which man holds converse with his fellows, of greater or lesser significance.

What then is there *new* in the spirit of the present age? Development has mightily increased, but we can discern no change in the quality. Wisdom is but wisdom now, as it was in the earliest ages. The spirit of benevolence existed from the time that the first man possessed more provisions than he could eat. The benevolence grew in proportion as wants were supplied, and its retardation has been caused only by the wants outgrowing the supply. The aristocratic Greeks of old could be benevolent to each other; but the slaves of the mill who ground corn for their bread, they regarded only as lower animals. Benevolence in the present day has greatly increased, because intellect, discovering steam, has diminished wants, and the spirit of man speaks out more freely.



The title of this book is a manifest misnomer of unphilosophic construction—a title indicative of the *littérateur* spirit which so commonly sacrifices meaning for the purpose of catching the eye and ear—a book-selling title, not conveying the spirit of the book itself. We turn to the preface, to enable ourselves to correct the defect of the title.

It appears that Mr. Horne, thinking Hazlitt's 'Spirit of the Age' nearly obsolete by the lapse of twenty years, wishes to make the public aware of the peculiarities of—

"A new set of men, several of them animated by a new spirit, who have obtained eminent positions in the public mind, the selection not being made from those already 'crowned' and their claims settled, but almost entirely from those who are in progress and midway to fame.

"The selection therefore which it has been thought most advisable to adopt, has been the names of those most eminent in general literature, and representing most extensively the spirit of the age, and the names of two individuals, who in this work represent those philanthropic principles now influencing the minds and moral feelings of all the first intellects of the time."

Further on Mr. Horne professes his intention at some future period to make the present work complete—if the sale be good—by adding to it, 'The Political Spirit of the Age,' 'The Scientific Spirit of the Age,' 'The Artistical Spirit of the Age,' 'The Historical, Biographical, and Critical Spirit of the Age,' and the 'Educational Spirit of the Age.' That is to say, the preface negatives the title, by showing that the book is not the spirit of the age, but a selection of certain literary men whom Mr. Horne considers "the most eminent in general literature," and "two individuals of philanthropic principles," whose "claims" he proceeds to "settle," for the purpose of "crowning" them. The promised 'New Spirit' we must look further for. The 'Spirit of the Age' turns out to be, not the general progress of man on the globe we inhabit, not even the spirit of Europe, but the spirit of a very small class of men in a very small corner of Europe, and that not in "general literature," but in particular literature, chiefly confined to poetry and fiction, with a considerable infusion of the drama.

Mr. Horne claiming to be an "author of the last ten or fifteen years," assumes the capacity to sit in judgment, and pass sentence on contemporary writers. The struc-

ture of the mind which assumes to do this, is a proper subject for inquiry; for it must be a mind of no light capacity to be capable of weighing and looking through so many minds, to discover the spirit within them. Such a mind is in itself a great spirit of the age, and we are disposed to welcome its advent in a reverential mood. Such a mind would not enter on its task without due knowledge added to intuitive judgment. Knowing that men of even the highest powers are subjected to the occasional trammels of the mechanical routine of the bookselling trade, we may assume that the philosophical perceptions of the editor were overruled by the title-making propensity of the bookseller, and acquit him of any intention of misleading.

Had the work been anonymous, we must have been content to form our estimate of the capabilities of the writer from its internal evidence. But we have a catalogue of works bearing the name of Mr. Horne—*prima facie* evidence of an industrious writer—and abundant material to test his general capacity as a spirit of the age, and also of his fitness for estimating the spirits of the age. His first acknowledged work published in 1833, was entitled 'Exposition of the False Medium and Barriers excluding Men of Genius from the Public.' Subsequently he became editor of a periodical, 'The Monthly Repository.' In 1837 he published 'Cosmo de' Medici, an Historical Tragedy.' In the same year he put forth the 'Death of Marlowe, a Tragedy in One Act.' In 1840 appeared 'Gregory the Seventh, a Tragedy.' Subsequently he edited a publication in monthly numbers, entitled 'The Life of Napoleon; and in 1843 appeared an epic, entitled 'Orion.' In his preface to the 'Spirit of the age,' Mr. Horne states that during the last seven or eight years he has "contributed to several quarterly journals," probably to monthlies also. In addition he has published a report of his proceedings as a factory commissioner, and was an occasional lecturer at the meetings of the Syncretic Association,\* of which he was a zealous member. He has also edited an edition of Chaucer. There

\* An association composed of unacted dramatists and others, impressed with the idea that they were unfairly treated by managers of theatres and others. One result of this association was the production of a rejected tragedy, 'Martinuzzi,' at the Lyceum, where it was received by the public in a manner to confirm the judgment of the managers who had rejected it.

can, therefore, be no doubt that he is a ready and industrious writer.

The first work, which, for the sake of brevity, we shall call the 'False Medium,' is dedicated "to Edward Lytton Bulwer, a patriot and a man of genius." As Mr. Bulwer was at that time well known to the public, it is evident that he had found some means of thrusting aside the 'False Medium.' The "exordium" in this work, is—

"A common stone meets with more ready patronage than a man of genius."

That is to say, the stone being placed in a cabinet, as a specimen, by some one who selects it from a heap of other stones, it is taken care of, whereas no one takes care of a man of genius; and Mr. Horne gives instances of men of genius, "poets and philosophers," from Homer down to Camoens, who have been buffeted about the world during their whole lives, and only valued after their deaths. "Authors in general," from Demosthenes down to some individual not specified by name, have been an ill-used race; imprisoned when possessing property, and starved when possessing none. Sir R. P.—is accused of neglecting an author, scholar, and man of science, who had been of much service to him, so that "his wife is obliged to wash in one room while he translates Greek in another."

Now we object at the outset to a man of genius being made a dependant on "ready patronage." A man of talents may be subservient to those who require his talents, but a man of genius must be essentially original. He is a guide and not a servant; he points out new paths of excellence; unrecognised at the outset by any one but himself, and to appreciate which, in some cases, even the few require years of instruction, and the many require centuries. If he were not in advance of his time, he would not be a man of genius. We speak now of the genius for great things, the genius which elevates. To expect that people should rush in crowds, to worship that which they neither recognise nor comprehend, is an absurdity; to expect that they should pay for it in ready coin, is a conclusion that no man of great genius ever dreamed of. People do not pay for being taught anything but what they can take to market and sell or exchange away to advantage, or such accomplishments as may tend to personal influence. They will pay to be taught to dance, or sing, or work, in order that they may be enabled to sing, or

dance, or work, for gain; but they will not pay to be taught philosophy. People will also pay to be pleased; and those who have pleasure to sell, find a ready market. A man or woman may have a talent for dancing, for singing, and working, in modes which people like; but if a man or woman has a genius for inventing new dances, or songs, or work, of an intrinsically superior kind, but which people have not been accustomed to, the genius must be contented to turn instructor without pay till the new art is rendered popular. Genius varies in its quality. One man originates a new philosophy; another originates a new mode of cheapening pleasure. One will get pupils by units, the other gets customers by thousands. But were the originator of the new philosophy to complain that he could not sell his philosophy for current coin, we should be apt to suspect him of false philosophy, and tell him he had mistaken his genius. The popular thing is the paying thing: the widest popularity is among the masses; and the greater the refinement, the less is the popularity. It is the essence of high genius to be in advance of its age. The genius of the Greek tragic poets was not in advance of their age. They had cultivated audiences to whom they presented the highest intellectual excitement of the time, but we doubt whether their popularity was great with the masses of uncultivated slaves.

"Dramatic Authors," Mr. Horne asserts, are as ill-used as all other authors, and but for the "barriers and false medium," the author of 'Paul Clifford' could produce a sterling comedy, in which the philosophy, wit, and humor could only be surpassed by its sound and beneficial moral tendency. Yet Mr. Horne would seem to set little value on the moral principle. Speaking of Edmund Kean, He says—

"They (certain tragedies) contain some of the elementary principles of tragedy, which he (Kean) only can feel and portray."

And in a note he remarks—

"The great tragedian is no more; but he can never be dead so long as those live who have once awoke from ordinary existence to appreciate him. A deep continuous feeling is worth all your tombs; for no capricious moral multitude can destroy or even disturb its sacred isolature."

Edmund Kean is a most unfortunate instance for Mr. Horne to have chosen. There is no doubt he possessed genius of a



peculiar kind. There is no doubt that by personal energy he broke through all false mediums; and there is no doubt that he was very highly paid for his services, by a public to whom his peculiar genius gave great excitement. Unfortunately, also, there is no doubt that his personal character was rather that of a savage than of a civilized man. He was one to gaze on, but not to associate with. His stage powers were all that he gave to the public in return for their recognition and large pecuniary payment. The "*moral* multitude" are assuredly rather hardly dealt with by Mr. Horne.

Composers and Musicians, Actors and Singers, all are alike ill-treated. "Mrs Jordan with a paltry salary of four pounds per week!" Claiming to be a man of genius, Mr. Horne has a strange propensity to try things by money value. "Pasta furnished with old clothes by the wardrobe women!" "Miss O'Neil brought out at a low salary, the owlish managers doubting her success!"

Novelists, Painters, and Sculptors, fare no better. Men of Science, Original Projectors, and Inventors, still worse.

In treating of the causes of all this, Mr. Horne remarks:—

"Napoleon was the greatest patron of genius and art in every possible class that ever lived. Those only who are conscious of superiority in themselves, apart from their station, who possess copiousness of intellect and power to do or suffer, can be above all petty jealousies and fears, and thus fit to govern others." "Shakspeare was treated by Elizabeth as an amusing playwright; and as he never meddled with 'public spirit' or politics, she suffered him to continue his labors unmolested."

We incline to think that Napoleon's patronage of any genius adverse to himself, is far from a proved case. He patronized *talents* that were useful to him. The genius of Carnot never succumbed, and was never forgiven.

Mr. Horne seems quite unable to comprehend that the genius of Shakspeare was above queen or court. He would have had him made a duke at least, as a recompense for his writings, and a pension of course, though of pecuniary gains the great man had probably enough for his wishes.

The evil of men of genius who write books, is, according to Mr. Horne, the "false medium" employed by booksellers, in the shape of a "Reader," who peruses

MSS. offered for publication, who never judges rightly of the merit of a work; who invariably rejects all works of genius, and only accepts or approves of the very worst. This reader is always either "a fool or a knave," and, "in either case, the author is the victim." Unmeasured terms of abuse are heaped on this "reader"—on all "readers."

"He lords it dogmatically over the gin-and-bitter coteries he can bear down and impress with an idea of his knowledge, acute judgment, and literary importance. In the society of capable men over their brandy punch, he is still as a mouse."

The Dramatic Reader at the theatres is even worse, so bad, that Mr. Horne is surprised none of the ill-used authors have burned down the patent theatres.

"No man who does write poetry can ever think of doing us any thing but verbal mischief."

Such Mr. Horne affirms to be the opinion of dramatic readers, but he adds—

"Our idea of a tragic writer, exasperated by wrongs and want, is not quite so harmless; we are glad, however, of their escape."

It does not appear that Mr. Horne proposes that any one but the writer should sit in judgment on his own compositions, or at least—

"Few of mankind are prepared to relish the beautiful with that enlarged taste which comprehends all the forms of feeling which genius may assume—forms which may be necessarily associated with defects."

This is very like pointing out, that genius must necessarily be its own rewarder, the many not comprehending it.

The "remedy" for all these evils, Mr. Horne states to be—

"The foundation of a 'Society of English Literature and Art for the encouragement and permanent support of men of superior ability in all departments of human genius and knowledge.' \* \* \* The permanent advantages to be derived by those whose claims are recognised by the establishment, should be realized by annuities for life, from 300*l.* downwards; \* \* \* this not to extend to gentlemen who write novels and poems, for which they ought be hung."

When a man has written a fine epic and obtained the 300*l.* a-year for life,

"He has done enough; would you have a

man write epics, and keep him at it, like a wheelwright with a government order? \* \* \* Again, the producer of a powerful tragedy would only be entitled to an annuity of 100*l.* not that we do not consider such a tragedy as great an effect of human genius as the finest epic, but because there is a manifest difference in the time and labor employed, and also that a tragic author thus brought with his due honors before the public, would have a great chance of emolument from the stage, whose gradual improvement would be a necessary consequence."

We pause to extract one more sentence from this 'False Medium.'

"He (Tonson) was the real Milton—he had got all the money" (from the sale of 'Paradise Lost'). Tonson and his nephew died worth 200,000*l.*"

We now turn to the 'New Spirit of the Age,' and find the following assertion.

"That in the pure element of dramatic composition, they (the unacted dramatists) also consider themselves worthy to be ranked with some of the dramatists of a nobler era, is undoubtedly true—and one of them has been heard to set at nought the scoffs of his time, by claiming to rank in the pure elements of tragedy, with the dramatists of the Greek or Elizabethan ages."

In a note we are informed that this claimant is Mr. Horne himself, the author of 'Cosmo de' Medici' and 'Gregory the Seventh.'

The plot of *Cosmo* is briefly as follows: Cosmo, a patron of art, who gives livings and employments to scholars and artists, and professes a love for justice above all other things, has two sons, the elder, Giovanni, a student, described as of most sweet disposition; the younger, Garcia, given to hunting. These two brothers much dislike one another, and the elder exhibits his sweet disposition by constantly scolding the younger. By way of producing an attachment between them, their mother persuades the elder to join a hunting party with the younger. In the forest they quarrel as to which had slain a boar. Somehow this quarrel changes into a dispute about a young lady, and they draw and fight. Garcia, the younger, breaks his sword in half, but yet contrives to kill his brother, whose body he leaves on the spot. A courtier finds the body, and the broken sword point, which he conveys to Cosmo, informing him that Giovanni's sword was "unsheathed and stained as though he had

fought." Cosmo, nevertheless, asserts that he has been "murdered," and suspects that Garcia knows of it. By way of making sure, he has the dead body placed in an alcove, with a curtain before it. Garcia is ushered in; and Cosmo, after charging him with the murder of his brother, draws the curtain, shows the body, when Garcia says, "I did it;" but adds, "it was in self-defence." Cosmo insists that the blood is flowing afresh at sight of the murderer; but Garcia asserts that it is congealed, and very naturally appeals to his father "not to harrow his senses till he owns what is not." But the just Cosmo will hear nothing, draws forth "Garcia's broken sword," raises it to heaven, and says—

"Thou constant God! sanction, impel, direct  
The sword of Justice! and for a criminal son  
That pardon grant, which his most wretched  
father  
Thus in the hour of agony implores!"

Subsequently we are informed that, with his own hand, and of course with this broken sword, the father has taken his son's life, soon after which an eye-witness informs him that Garcia slew his brother in self-defence.

Throughout this play the sympathy goes only with Garcia, ill-used on all sides. The man of justice should also be a man of judgment to weigh evidence, and of stern purpose to act only on evidence. The evidence was in favor of Garcia. His sword was broken, and Giovanni's was "unsheathed and stained, as though he had fought." A father with a heart, would have left no means untried to prove his remaining son innocent, but Cosmo leaves no means untried to wrest evidence and prove him guilty. It is an inquisitor, not a father, nor a minister of justice, who is before us, and with an inquisitor we can have no sympathy. A father, butchering a son with a broken sword, is horror, bordering on the ludicrous.

There are several prose scenes in this play, we presume, intended for humor; they are, indeed, "heavy lightness." There is also a philosophic sculptor to whom Cosmo gives an order for a monument after the death of his sons, as "life-sized figures," of his whole family. The philosophical Pasato reasons thus:—

"The duke is great and generous; yet methinks  
It ill suits greatness in philosophy,  
Because his kin have sought their natural rest  
Some seasons prematurely, thus to rave!  
I will return to mine obscurity,  
To stand upon some cliff that goat ne'er hoof'd,



Companion shadows and commune with Time.

Scattered through this play there are passages of great poetic sweetness. In power of depicting character, and as a work of art, it is a failure.

With 'Gregory the Seventh' we neither make nor meddle. 'The death of Marlowe' unquestionably bears considerable resemblance to certain writers of the age of Elizabeth. There is much passion in it, but it merely excites, it does not call for sympathy. It rather reminds us of the tragedies of mad Nat Lee, but it has a life about it, which 'Cosmo' has not.

By his own acknowledgment Mr. Horne considers himself equal to "the dramatists of the Greek or Elizabethan ages," in the production of these "powerful tragedies," and entitled to "a permanent annuity of 300*l.*, so that he has already done enough to entitle him to a handsome income, when the "Society of English Literature and Art" shall be in full operation. To wish he may get it would be an easy matter, if we could satisfy ourselves that he deserved it.

After a careful examination we come to the conclusion that he does not possess the high mind that is ever the attribute of lofty genius. He does not value genius for itself alone, but for what it will fetch in the market. "Permanent annuities, due honors, further chances of emolument," are the sordid rewards he contemplates, and these off-hand, without loss of time, in order that authors, like clergymen, may enter on immediate enjoyment of their benefices. All men of genius, he says, are ill-used, all the public are fools, and those who profit are part and parcel of the 'False Medium.' He is himself, he considers, ill-used, and of course, he is disappointed. His tragedies have not been acted, and his epic has been sold for a farthing. Such a mind is not in harmony, and cannot be fitted to sit in judgment on the spirits of the age—is unfitted even to distinguish them. A man of talent—a man of industry, Mr. Horne is, but assuredly not a man of genius, nor a philosopher. We have not seen his Factory Report, but we should expect to find it a medium of considerable prejudice, inseparable from the mind of the writer. A well appointed home, reputable clothing, and proper breakfasts, dinners, teas and suppers, are evidently essentials to induce in him a quiet mind, and, moreover, "due honors," but we doubt whether even in such

a case, a preponderance of self-esteem would not defeat all previous preparation. A tragic writer who can talk of "burning down a theatre" as a means of redressing "wrongs and want," cannot well be a dispassionate judge.

A man of genius, capable of great things and of estimating the 'Spirits of the Age,' must, according to our notion, be a very different person. Genius, *i. e.* the power of creation, we take to be an emanation of the "divinity that shapes our ends," and can no more work for hire than God himself could in the creation of the world. Great genius is ever in advance of its time, and can no more be appreciated by its contemporaries, than God's creation could be appreciated by the megatherian and ichthyosaurian tribes, who inhabited the world prior to the advent of man. Genius is a prophet where, "out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh." Genius works for the gain of its disciples, not for its own. It works to advance others, not to glorify itself. The earthly body it inhabits, needs "meat, clothes, and fire," or in lieu of the latter a genial climate. Deprived of these things it cannot work, but it needs only the essential, not the adventitious. It does not need a "respectable" income, nor a lodging in May Fair: it needs neither costly clothing, nor modish association, neither sumptuous fare nor costly wines; it needs not even "due honors." The blind men of genius, Homer and Milton, could have recked little of externals, while they poured forth the spirit from within. And in a very humble residence was the genius of Richter developed. There is one thing only which can reward genius—the sympathy of appreciating spirits. Beyond this, indifferent to the man of high genius are all externals; "homely fare and hodden gray," are as good as turtle and velvet. We can conceive a man of genius in this our modern England, dwelling in a union workhouse, clothed in workhouse garb, and fed on workhouse food, teaching, perhaps, the A B C to workhouse children as a quittance for his meat, clothes, and fire, furnished with spare leaves of account books as a reward for diligence, and permitted to sit by the kitchen embers in the still night, and even thus producing works despised by existing publishers and an existing public, and destined to be hailed by future men as the gift of a great benefactor. We know of one earnest man, not of genius, but a devoted linguist, who saved his lodging by lying on the bare floor

of empty houses, to take care of them while wanting tenants—earning his food by copying MSS. Not being enough “man of the world” for this lodging work, he was obliged to seek his nightly rest by the sheltered sides of brick-kilns, and a few occasional pence by singing at low public-houses, and with these appliances he actually accomplished the publication of the two first numbers of a Dictionary on a new system. At one time this man had an income of five pounds per week for teaching languages, but he was shouldered out of employment by people of greater energy than himself.

Let it not be alleged that a man of genius requires a library and appliances. The man of original genius is not essentially a man of cultivated art. Homer was not a student of books. Earth, sea, and sky, and all on and in them were his themes, and out of his own soul he spoke or sung; and if it be asserted that in this our England men of genius need the appliances of art, there are the museum and library called the “British,” to which garreteer or cellar-dweller may alike obtain access, though they be clothed in frieze, baize, or sack-cloth; there are the eternal realities of men and women, and streets, houses, churches, and parks, and the never-ending river, carrying bodies, souls, and imaginations over the watery highway to the furthestmost parts of the earth, and there is ever work to be done of the task kind, for him who earnestly seeks it, to supply the body's bare necessities. A judge, of repute in the United States, obliged to live in a city while attending in the courts without any practice, and with only a supply of money for a given period, at the rate of a few cents per day, hired a garret, for which he paid the whole term in advance, and laid out the remainder of his money in sea biscuit, which he himself wheeled home in a borrowed barrow, and stored up in his garret, and on that and water he subsisted for many months, while pursuing his studies. And this in a city where the commonest mechanic ate three meals of meat per diem.

Genius is essentially unconscious. Artists, when mere imitators of genius, are self-conscious, and hence the petty squabbles amongst “men and women of talent,” poetasters, dramatizers, actors, and musicians, who make their art a trade; for “two of a trade can never agree.”

Mr. Horne has done rashly in taking up Hazlitt's ill-chosen title, and trying to en-

large upon it. The ‘Spirit of the Age,’ if meant to express any particular kind of spirit, should express the general predominating spirit of the world as to some particular branch of progress. In this view it is an entire failure, for the prominent characteristic of the present age is physical progress, *i. e.* progress in all arts tending to diminish human drudgery, and ultimately to extinguish it—arts, also, tending to enlarge the sphere of human pleasures. In the petty spirit of caste, Mr. Horne, a professional writer, deems that written books are of more importance than things; that writers of things are greater men than the doers of things. It is true that contemplation must be the creator of great action, but it may print the results of its thoughts as indelibly on things and events as on paper.

In this view the strong Saxon spirit of George Stephenson, the “Hengist of Railways,” is a spirit of the age that has written a work whereon those who ride may read glad tidings of man's rescue from the bondage and thralldom of ignorance; of his power of unison with his fellows for the purpose of conquering and civilizing the earth, reclaiming its swamps and morasses, and adding to its beauties. Prometheus, in the elder mythus, brought fire from heaven to earth to aid man's uses. George Stephenson may be the hero of some future mythus, which will tell how he harnessed fire to chariots of iron, which became swifter than the winds of heaven. Isambart Kingdom Brunel is a spirit of the age that would not be content with the work of George Stephenson, but made a yet greater work in advance of the spirit of his age, refusing to submit to the set patterns even of the great originator. David Napier, the restless planner of steam-boat after steam-boat, each swifter than the last, and the planner of the great Bristol iron steamer, are spirits of the age. Clegg, of the railway air traction,—the rope of wound-off-wind; Smith, of Deanston, the physician of diseased land; Liebig, the multiplier of human food by chemic science, are all spirits of the age. Marshall, of Leeds, the greatest of the “captains of industry,” he who spins flax for half the world, and when profits become too large, voluntarily cuts them down, and “builds another mill” to keep up his annual revenues—he who works to underwork cotton cloth and replace it by cloth of linen; he, too, is a spirit of the age.



"Men, my brothers, men, the workers; ever reaping something new :  
[That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do."

Colonel Thompson, the apostle of free trade, and Cobden, its practical and indomitable champion; O'Connell, the last representative of clan-leadership, using his power to bond together a nation of disunited Celts; and Wakefield, the originator of systematic colonization,—all are spirits of the physical progress of the age. Faraday is the representative of the power which, in all ages, has sought to gather nature's secret's for man's uses, and Rothschild is the representative of the great power-accumulators of world, the hoarded labor of mankind, ever on the increase, till at last it shall grow to a surplus, when men will rest from their work, and say "it is good." Many a weary day is before us, before we attain that desirable end, but the time will come.

Roebuck,—the watch-dog of the people, the most fearless advocate in the House of Commons of public as opposed to mere party objects; Lovett, the true-souled Lovett, the champion of education for his fellow-men, the working-classes; the two Chamberses of Edinburgh, whose genius has achieved the task of popularizing knowledge at the cheapest rate,—all are samples of that spirit of the age, which says the soul of man shall not die within him for want of culture.

But taken merely on the limited plan proposed by Mr. Horne, of names generally known in literature, the 'New Spirit of the Age' is miserably defective. Is Mr. Horne ignorant of the existence of John Stewart Mill, author of 'A System of Logic,' perhaps the highest effort of intellectual modern literature has produced?

Where has he been wandering; on what Welsh mountain or in what distant valley has he been residing, that the name of W. J. Fox has never rung upon his ear, other than as a theologian?—a name so well known to the public by his sermons on Christian Morality; by his numerous articles in the higher class of periodicals; by the finest dramatic criticisms extant. A name that stirs the blood of every public audience where he appears, and calls forth responsive shouts; a name that stills even Chartist opposition at free trade meetings. Well has he been named by Elliott, of Sheffield, the "Orator-Bard." He almost speaks in rhythm, his words are music, reason becomes poetry, hearts thrill, eyes glisten,

brains work, souls gush and mingle, the orator becomes a prophet, and one universal echo proclaims one universal mind. Where has this Mr. Horne been buried not to have heard of this "spirit of the age," who with unpremeditated harangues steals into men's hearts, as surely as the Greek orators of old did, with their prepared and finished orations? Mr. Horne seems to be totally unaware that W. J. Fox has been heard of out of the pulpit. This is clear from his only alluding to him as a theologian. This ignorance might be pardonable as a result of a residence distant from the metropolis; but it was the business of one taking on himself the task of pointing out the 'Spirits of the Age,' to visit the metropolis, if necessary, to fit himself, at least, for his nomenclature, if his publishers failed to supply the necessary materials.

And even Elliott, of Sheffield, the poet of the people, the Corn-law Rhymers, a man known, we apprehend, from Pentland Firth to the Lizard, a genuine poet, and one who, albeit a Radical, found praise even from 'Blackwood;' whom Southey greeted from his inn at Sheffield "to shake hands with a brother poet," even Elliott, of Sheffield, is excluded from Mr. Horne's collection. Is this with purpose aforethought, or is it gross negligence? A 'Spirit of the Age' editor leaving out one of the most popular poets!

And where is Mrs. Austin, an original spirit also; an assimilating spirit, one who, thoroughly metempsychosising with the German mind, can render it into pure English, and make the English mind an abiding place for German thoughts? A true woman, with all a woman's gentleness, yet a free denizen of the great European republic of letters, not unlike the Madame Roland, of the French revolution, placed in a new sphere to teach mankind the uses of Liberty, in harmonizing clashing opinions; teaching them to speak with one tongue, and no longer to "commit crimes in the name of Liberty." And Mrs. Somerville, the lady of science, the queen of the starry heavens, one of the few minds that can compass Laplace, a mind so lofty, yet so gentle and humble, as if unconscious of her own attainments? Have not the names of these writers penetrated the asylum of the editor?

Professor Wilson, who has for many years stirred friend and foe with his untiring pen, might surely have been glanced at. And Peacock, the novelist, who, had he written nothing but 'Maid Marian,' would have carried his name down the stream of time

to distant ages, by showing how well his own spirit could enter into the spirit of past ages. The blood thrills, and the heart leaps into companionship with such a spirit of high genial humanity.

And the 'Times' newspaper has, moreover, grown to be a spirit of the age, albeit Mr. Horne sees it not. It has its crotchets, and its hobbies, and its party predilections, the influence of which on the public mind is sometimes to be deplored, but may always be felt. Once it was a very weathercock, but it has now fixed itself to point straight forward at certain things, which; if not things of the best kind, are yet earnestly advocated. It sees that man cannot live by bread alone, though it has ever urged, and still urges at times, and never denies, that cheap corn and bread is a most desirable conclusion. Of O'Connell it dreams that he is not a mere warm-blooded feudal chieftain over Celtic tribes, but a veritable anti-christ. It believes that the poor law is a thing of unmingled evil, only operative to the detriment of the deserving poor, and refuses to discern that it does operate also to stop what might be a fearful leak in the growth of national independence. But in the course of nature O'Connell cannot live for ever, and free trade sooner or later will remove for the most part the causes of poverty; the really unfortunate poor will then be better distinguished as the crowd lessens, and these two circumstances removed, the 'Times,' we may hope will forget its controversies, and strive more and more to make itself a power amongst the people, for the welfare of the people, and not for the purposes of party. In these latter days the genius of a 'Times' reporter constituted the 'Times' a legislator to put down a Welsh rebellion.

Nor should Edwin Chadwick be forgotten, the vizier of the "three Kings of Somerset House," whose reports on many subjects connected with the welfare of the great mass of the people alone form a valuable statistical library. He has been one of the most valuable "spirits of the age." *Benevolent*, *benescent*, and in virtue of these two qualities *beneficent*, he has dared to do the right thing, though the unpopular thing. He has braved odium, and disregarded obloquy and cant. To become popular is an easy thing; to do unpopular justice requires a man. Satisfied that crime is the result of poverty and mal-administration—that poverty is greatly the result of ignorance—that general education is the cure for ignorance

—there is no warmer advocate of the rights and real interests of the poor than Edwin Chadwick. But, knowing also that it is impossible to accomplish the mental instruction of the physically wretched, he sought to secure for those classes of the community who do the work, and pay the taxes of the community, the largest possible share of their own earnings, abstracting as little as possible from them for the maintenance of the non-workers. For it is an unquestionable fact, that all those of the community who do not work, must in some shape or other be maintained by those who do work. To say that he did not strike "palaced paupers" off the pension list, is only saying that he accomplished no more than he was able. Palace or hovel pauper, would have been alike to his equal justice; but there's a government that doth so hedge in and protect "palace paupers" that justice cannot reach them. There was one broad principle to look at—the pauper system was encroaching on capital, and in a mercantile country, not to advance is to recede. The food of the community was not enough for all,—the mouths were in excess,—the ship must have her crew put on shorter allowance, and the working crew were, in all justice as well as policy, entitled to full rations, while the invalids were put on half allowance. To have put the invalids on full allowance, while the working crew were reduced, would have been offering a premium to the workers to invalid themselves. To have given full rations and conveniences to the workhouse inmates would have been monstrous injustice to the hard workers out of the workhouse.

The pseudo-benevolent haranguers, who have talked so volubly of philanthropy and charity to the workhouse poor, and out-door relief, have utterly mistaken the matter. They have been generously disposed, not at their own expense, but at the expense of the working classes of England; for we defy them to show any mode of obtaining contributions to the poor rates, except through the work of the workers. The whole food of England has to be produced by the agency of the brains and arms of the workers, whether from English or foreign soil. This total amount has to be divided amongst the whole population in larger and smaller shares, and it must be obvious to the shallowest capacity, that if the whole of the workers ceased to work, there would be no food to divide; and it must follow, as the night the day, that the



greater the number of the supernumeraries who do not work, the harder must be the work of the workers, in order to maintain them. Therefore the charitable gentlemen who are non-workers, and cry out lustily for full rations and out-door allowances to paupers or poor non-workers, are, with very great ease to themselves, calling upon the workers to work harder than before. And when, as it frequently happens, these very charitable gentlemen are the advocates of artificial high prices for provisions, in the form of corn laws—that is to say, when they seek to diminish the total amount of food—our indignation at their injustice is only restrained by our contempt for their pauper-like ignorance.

Years hence, when the biography of Edwin Chadwick shall be written—when the results of his labors, known and unknown, shall be gathered together—when trade and food shall be free, and paupers be no more—when it shall be known how many are the wise measures and changes of which he has been the secret mover, stirred by the desire of man's good, and leaving to others the ostensibility and the repute—he will serve for one more example of the truth, that a high and original mind works for the service of humanity, but not for its thanks. And a future time will recognize him as a true and genuine spirit of his age, who has left his permanent mark behind him.

Having thus briefly attempted to show what Mr. Horne ought to have done, and has failed to do, we turn to the examination of what he has done.

First on the list, as the great spirit of the age, appears Mr. Charles Dickens. A parallel is drawn between him and Hogarth upon the following ground:

“Both of them have a direct moral purpose in view—a desire to ameliorate the condition of the poorer classes, by showing what society has made of them or allowed them to become, and to continue.”

We doubt this. In Hogarth's ‘Good and Bad Apprentices,’ we have both of them put upon equal terms by society. The contrast of their fates grows out of a presumed innate goodness on one side and badness on the other. In the story of ‘Good Tommy and Naughty Harry,’ which is a version of the same thing, Good Tommy came to be lord mayor, and Naughty Harry was eaten up by a wild beast. It forms one of the lessons in one of the old spelling books.

AUGUST, 1844.

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The secret of Dickens's success doubtless is, that he is a man with a heart in his bosom; and as most men and women—though not all—have hearts, a sympathy is created which predisposes liking. He has also a strong perception of all the commoner class of excitements—the murderous, the malignant, and the ludicrous. A very large portion of the common people are susceptible of the former; people of all classes are susceptible of the latter. With all this, he has the eye of a Dutch and also of an Italian artist for all external effects. A street, a dwelling, a rural scene, and the human beings therein, are so painted to the life, and doubtless from the life, that no one who has ever seen them can doubt the resemblance. And all people like to behold portraits of things and persons familiar to them. Mrs. Keeley was excessively popular amongst the artisans, on account of the skilful mode in which she handled Jack Sheppard's jack-plane. But Dickens has, beyond this, a strong perception of physical beauty, and also of the beauty of generosity, not merely the hackney-coachman kind of generosity—the shilling giving—but generosity in the large sense—the love of kind, the unselfish attachment of man to man, and of man to men, and also of men to man; the protection of the poor by the rich, of the helpless by the powerful, and of the kindly gratitude thence arising. But with all this, he is not an imaginative writer, he is not a philosophical writer; he pleases the sensation, but he does not satisfy the reason; he pleases and amuses, but he does not instruct; there is a want of base, of breadth, and of truth; and therefore, though he is probably the most widely-popular writer, he is not a great writer. The great elementary truths on which man's physical well-being, and consequently his mental well-being, must depend, he apparently has not mastered; and the pleasure we feel in reading his works is akin to the pleasure we feel in reading any other work of fiction—the pleasure of fine description and sympathy with human adventure. The impression which his works leave on the mind is like that with which we rise from the perusal of the ‘Fool of Quality’—that all social evils are to be redressed by kindness and money given to the poor by the rich. This, doubtless, is something essential; but it is only a small part of the case. The poor require justice, not charity, *i. e.* almsgiving. Charity is a word of large import. The neces-

sity for almsgiving implies previous misery. Destroy the misery by earnest care in the early training of men and women, the disease will be eradicated, and the symptom-soothing process of charity, *i. e.* almsgiving, will not be needed.

In most of Dickens's works there is to be found some old gentleman with surplus cash going about redressing the evils which some other old or young gentleman goes about perpetrating. It is the principle of the proceedings of Harlequin and Pantaloon. Thus the Brothers Cheeryble are the incarnation of the good principle, and Ralph Nickleby of the evil principle; and the good principle is made to triumph. Nickleby Junior comes to his fortune, which his wicked uncle has kept him out of, and Miss Nickleby is respectably married. Most excellent people are those same mill-owning Brothers Cheeryble; but we cannot help reflecting on the position of the mass of workmen whose labors have accumulated their capital. We do not object to the help given to the Nicklebys, but we think justice is the most essential part of generosity. Justice being done in early training, Ralph Nickleby would not have been enabled to accomplish his evil deeds, and the almsgiving of the Brothers Cheeryble would not have been needed.

So in 'Oliver Twist,' Mr. Brownlow is the good fairy who thwarts the evil one, and Oliver Twist is finally made happy. Pickwick, too, is a benevolent old gentleman with abundant ready cash, who treats the poor prisoners in the Fleet, as the uncle of Henry Moreland does in the 'Fool of Quality'—pays away his surplus cash to palliate the pressing wants of a few amongst a huge class who suffer under the radical evils of bad legislation. A strong contrast to this "good fairy" system is found in Bulwer's 'Paul Clifford.' The unfortunate, ill-trained child, who has grown up to be a highwayman, finds no old gentleman to give him a fortune. By indomitable energy, he escapes from the punishment awarded to his ignorant acts, to a "great country where shoes are imperfectly polished and opinions are not persecuted" (by the state), and there he makes himself a home by the force of his own powers. He becomes useful to his fellow-men and accumulates wealth, wherewith he repays the owners of the property he had taken with the strong hand in the days of his ignorance, while gaining his living by rapine, and revenging himself on the injustice of

society. This is the true perception of eternal justice, at which Dickens has not yet arrived in his writings. Dickens is a Londoner, Bulwer is a cosmopolite.

In the 'Christmas Carol,' Scrooge the Miser is so drawn as to leave an impression that he cheats the world of its "meat, clothes, and fire," which he buries in his own chests, whereas in truth he only cheats himself. He is the conventional miser of past times; and, when reformed by his dreams, he gives away half-crowns to boys to run quickly to buy turkeys to give away, and pays cabmen to bring them home quickly, to say nothing of giving bowls of punch to clerks. A great part of the enjoyments of life are summed up in eating and drinking at the cost of munificent patrons of the poor; so that we might suppose the feudal times were returned. The processes whereby poor men are to be enabled to earn good wages, wherewith to buy turkeys for themselves, does not enter into the account; indeed, it would quite spoil the *denouement* and all the generosity. Who went without turkey and punch in order that Bob Cratchit might get them—for, unless there were turkey and punch in surplus, some one must go without—is a disagreeable reflection kept wholly out of sight. We suspect Mr. Horne of a little sly satire on Dickens's propensity to reward all good fellowship by eating and drinking, in his choice of a motto to this paper. Don Quixote had a peculiar way of philanthrophizing the distresses of human nature; and so has Dickens, whose remedy for human distresses resolves itself into something like this:—George has five shillings, which he gives to Richard, who gives it to Henry, who gives it to John, who gives it to James, who gives it to Thomas, who gives it to Frederick, who gives it again to George, and by that process they all have five shillings each. The motto is taken from 'Don Quixote' as follows:

"Hunger does not preside over this day," replied the cook, 'thanks be to Camacho the Rich.' \* \* \* \* So saying he laid hold of a kettle, and sousing it at once into one of the half jar-pots, he fished out three pullets and a couple of geese. \* \* \* 'I have nothing to put it in,' answered Sancho. 'Then take ladle and all,' replied the cook, 'for Camacho's riches and felicity are sufficient to supply every thing.'

Oh! Mr. Horne, you are a sly wag after all.

Were provisions as plentiful in practice



as they are in Mr. Dickens's books, small progress would Mr. Cobden make in free trade; but, as Mr. Harmony says in the play, "provisions are so dear."

With all these defects, which we hope to see amended in future, as well as the caricature pictures of the Americans, which—bating local circumstances and peculiarities—will apply equally well to the English, the books of Dickens are unquestionably humanizers of the people: and the speeches he has made, and the public meetings he has attended in furtherance of general education, are indications of still better things. At present he is the "form and pressure of the age." He may become a spirit of the age in time.

Lord Ashley and Dr. Southwood Smith follow next in the series of magazine articles of which this book is composed. But for these two names and those of Dr. Pusey and Macready, a better title for the work would have been the 'Great Literopolis,' as a parallel work with the 'Great Metropolis.' Why Lord Ashley should be thus introduced we cannot imagine, unless it be that Mr. Horne wishes to do honor to the Factory Commission, in which he is himself concerned.

Lord Ashley stands in the anomalous position of professing to improve the position of one portion of the working classes, the factory workers, by limiting their hours of labor, at the same time that he diminishes the amount of their earnings by keeping up a high and artificial price of food. Very pithily has this process been named Jack-Cade legislation. But Mr. Horne is very earnest in his respect for hereditary legislation. "Thank God there is a House of Lords," once said and wrote Cobbett, when in anger at being thwarted; but Mr. Horne, with good didactic deliberation, quotes Chaucer in proof of his case:—

"And ye, my Lordés, with your alliaunce,  
And other faithful people that there be,  
Trust I to God shall quench all this noisaunce,  
And set this lande in high prosperitie."

He states that Lords Normanby and Ashley actually accompanied Dr. Southwood Smith into Whitechapel and Bethnal-green to survey the miserable abodes of the poor; and fearing this is almost incredible when only stated in his text, he confirms it in a foot-note as follows:—

These statements are strictly authentic. They went privately and unattended into the

most squalid and hideous abodes of filth, and misery, and vice, and might well express themselves strongly in public after what they witnessed."—Vol. i. p. 116.

"Privately and unattended." Oh! Mr. Horne, Mr. Horne, you have certainly some idea that modern noblemen go about with barret caps and plumes, bedizened with jewelry and masks, for all eyes to gaze on and single out for violence and plunder. "Unattended"—*i. e.* we suppose no "Jenkins," with tall cane to guard them. Surely there is no difficulty in believing that where Dr. Smith had penetrated uninjured, Lord Ashley might go and return without any great exertion of courage; but Mr. Horne is deeply impressed with this self-devotion in a nobleman, as an uncommon act, and is determined it shall be authenticated. "My Lordés" will scarcely thank him for his devotion to their interests. He proves more than enough.

That the people of England have abad habit of working too many hours for their physical and mental health, is unfortunately but too true; but it is equally true that this habit does not arise from any abstract vicious determination on their own part. It is also true that in the present age they work fewer hours per day than they were accustomed to work in former ages; and it is moreover true that the reason for the diminution of hours is, that they obtain better wages, *i. e.* they get a greater amount of useful things for an hour's labor of the present day than they obtained in the "good old times;" and there is moreover a very prevalent desire amongst them to work still fewer hours, and by God's blessing we trust that this shall come to pass without any of Lord Ashley's legislation, which is akin to the charity of the French princess, who wondered "why people would starve when such nice pastry was sold so cheap."

We entreat Lord Ashley to believe that the chief, almost the sole reason, why English workmen labor too many hours per day, is the undue pressure of population, which forces them to compete with each other to obtain an insufficient share of the national stock of food, which is a minimum quantity. And this excess of population arises from the circumstance, that they live in islands, from which they cannot well swarm like the bees, to go to the food which might exist elsewhere, while Lord Ashley and his colleagues have made very stringent laws to prevent food being brought to them from

elsewhere. Make food plentiful, *i. e.* in excess of the mouths, and the voluntary principle will relieve all Lord Ashley's anxiety about long hours. We will venture on two illustrations.

Some years back, while examining some new buildings at the workmen's dinner-hour, we were unintentionally listening to the conversation of two laborers from the Emerald isle, who were planted in the sun behind some hoarding, dining on—smoke—two “dudeens.” “Sure, Pat,” said one of them, “it’s I that wish wages was a guinea a day.” “And what would ye be afther thin, Dennis?” replied Pat. “Sure, and it’s only one day in the week that I’d work, any how,” was the rejoinder. We are satisfied that Dennis spoke the simple truth in this matter, and in no way needed Lord Ashley’s paternal solicitude.

A very benevolent manufacturer in London, who employed many workmen at their own dwellings, beheld, with compassion, the misery they suffered from high rents and wretched accommodation. They earned good wages, which, if well applied, would have placed them in positions of great comfort. The work they were employed in was independent of locality, and having purchased land in a healthy and beautiful neighborhood, their employer fitted up several cottages, with gardens and every kind of convenience, and removed thither a certain number of families. He expected to get a greater amount of work done, on account of their removal from temptations to drunkenness. But in this result he was disappointed. The men preferred working in their gardens to working at their trade, and earned no more money than was sufficient for their maintenance, in spite of the remonstrances of their wives. If Lord Ashley will place the factory population in such a position as this, we will undertake that they shall not overwork either themselves, their wives, or their children.

But it is only indirectly that Lord Ashley would interfere with the hours of working men. He professes to protect the children and women of factories, and to say he will prescribe the hours for them, which is equivalent, in other words, to prescribing the hours for the steam-engine and men also. It is unquestionably right that children under age—not recognized as free-agents, but who are under the control of persons older than themselves—should be protected from ill treatment; but to deprive

women of the right to use their own discretion as to the amount of work they will perform, is gross tyranny. Factory work is one of the few employments by which women can render themselves independent of the support of their relatives,—as a vicious father or brother, or a husband who will not maintain them and their children by his labor, but confines his attention to robbing them of their earnings according to law. A law which would protect a woman’s right to her own earnings, beyond the control of a vicious husband, would indeed be a boon to the working classes.\*

We object to any law which would interfere with the natural freedom of human action, other than the protection of individuals and society from the aggressions of other individuals. If, for example, a solitary man chooses, in an isolated spot, to live in an ill-drained and ill-ventilated house, or to live on unwholesome or insufficient food, society has no right to interfere with him; but if he comes into proximity with other people, the law ought to interfere to protect their health from contamination. Also we think the law may fairly interfere with persons practising on the ignorance of others for the sake of gain. If the owner of the ill-drained and ill-ventilated solitary house tried to hire it to others, he should be prevented from so doing, until it were made wholesome. And we think society might fairly interfere with a man keeping his family in such a house, because the wife and children are under his control, and society may be endangered by the diseases they may be subject to; therefore it

quite competent for society to say, that after a certain period no houses shall be erected in any inhabited districts below a certain standard of health and comfort. It is certain that the children born in improved dwellings would be an improved race, and the question of food in no way interferes with this. There are a certain number of laborers and artisans constantly unemployed, who are, notwithstanding, fed, and their being employed in the construction of better dwellings, *i. e.* working up native material of all kinds for these and other useful purposes, would not add one shilling to the expenditure of the general community. The possession of better dwellings, with warmth and pure air, would, on the contrary, virtually increase the

\* This point was urged by Mr. Roebuck on the attention of the House of Commons in the late debates.



amount of food, for it is a fact that a person in impure air cannot well digest his food, and therefore requires to eat a larger amount to keep up his strength.

Had Alfred the Great passed efficient sanitary laws, virtually prohibiting the existence of disease, *i. e.* prescribing the minimum of physical comfort and health in dwellings and their concomitants, the probability is, that the increase of population would always have been restrained within the limits essential to national happiness, and we should at this time have possessed a healthier, wealthier, and far more powerful population. The same results would have obtained with our people as with our cattle; the wretched would be unborn. We have the finest sheep and horses, cows and oxen, that the world has ever produced, because our farmers take care that they shall be well fed and lodged. With the same care for our people, the same results would follow sound legislative enactments, always supposing they could be carried out in practice. But instead of passing laws to increase comforts, we find in the statute books, enactments called sumptuary laws, tending to diminish personal comforts or luxuries. Strange is it that the State should think it necessary to take care of people's money for them, as it still tries to do, by means of usury laws.

Had Alfred the Great passed laws to regulate the hours of labor, they must have been accompanied by other laws to regulate the wages of labor, and in such case, laborers and employers would constantly have been at work, trying to defeat the laws for the sake of their own interests, just as the Jews, ancient and modern, have succeeded in defeating the usury laws. But if such laws had been successful, we should have made no national progress;—we should have been a nation of schoolboys, of servants doing what our governors taught and ordered us to do, but originating nothing; we should have been like the Austrian nation under Prince Metternich, or the Paraguay Indians under the paternal care and instruction of the Jesuits. If a Government be competent to regulate the hours of labor for adults, it is also competent to regulate their wages, their food, their instruction, books, religion, and their particular branches of labor. Such a people would neither require a House of Commons nor suffrage at elections. An aristocracy of landholders might deem this a very desirable condition of things, but the

result would be—if we could conceive the possibility of such a thing—the downfall of English energy, English power, English mind, and a state of ruin and misery to the many nations, civilized, uncivilized, and half-civilized, dependent on English guidance and English progress.

We do not doubt that the movement amongst the working classes—instinctive, but not yet perceptive—analogous to the

“Blind motions of the Spring,  
That show the year is turned,”

will produce results of far more scope than Lord Ashley's benevolence, which not being based on benescience, cannot bring forth beneficence. His legislation, if not of the Jack-Cade calibre as to intellect, does not get beyond paternal Jesuitry, which the English genius has far outstripped. He is not a spirit of the age, he is but an appendage of a blind movement of the age, and Mr. Horne is a small dog, either leading or following him in the wake of Oastler and Company, who have donned the mantle inherited by the Chartist agitators from Robert Owen, who first propounded the “sacred month” in which the weary were to be at rest as a commencement of the millennium. Prosy, unreasoning, and impracticable was Robert Owen, and he, moreover, wasted about 100,000*l.*, lawful money of the realm, and thus filled the mouths of people with intellects no better than his own, with matter for ignorant exultation that there was no millennium produced by it; but still we like justice, and think that Mr. Horne may continue to expatiate on the virtues of a respectable nobleman like Lord Ashley, without robbing Robert Owen of the merit of originating the plan of short-labor hours.

Mr. Horne has a very odd mode of hunting in couples with his spirits of the age, dodging from one to another till we sometimes lose sight of the subject of his remarks. In this mode he has introduced Dr. Southwood Smith, which we think very unfair treatment. Southwood Smith is a real man of earnest purpose, working for the poor from strong sympathies for the miseries with which his medical practice has made him familiar. He is, moreover, a practical man of sound purpose, not working for self-glorification, but for a true and useful result. No believer is he of results without causes, no planner of Jack-Cade or French-princess legislation, no robber of the independence of women in legally denying them employment by which to

earn their own living, independent of the frequent coarse tyranny of their male relatives. Working for the public as a public instructor, and thereby neglecting private pecuniary advantage, it is to us a matter of surprise that no Government has yet adverted to an easy method of attaining popular approval, by appointing him to a Professor's chair. Praise Lord Ashley at your pleasure, Mr. Horne, but we beg of you in charity and fairness to let Dr. Southwood Smith alone. A sad jumble have you made of his life and history. Mr. Grant, of the 'Great Metropolis,' must surely have been one of the "hands" engaged on this.

Passing by "William Howitt, his grandfather and ancestors up to the time of Queen Elizabeth," and various other spirits of all ranks and sizes, we come to a veritable spirit of the age, Alfred Tennyson. A man of genius, who it appears, according to Mr. Horne, has escaped the persecution of the "Reader," and is recognized by the public. Having stated this, off he flies at a tangent and begins a criticism on John Keats, the chief purport of which, we incline to think, is to hint that "a kindred spirit has had (its) own inherent pulses quickened to look into (its) own heart and abroad upon nature and mankind, and to work out the purposes of (its) soul," in the production of 'Orion.' Mr. Horne speaks with great approbation of Tennyson, and so he does of Landor. But of Landor he says—

"His complete dramas are not often read through twice, even by readers who applaud them, but for the sake of a particular act or scene."—Vol. i. p. 165.

And of Tennyson he says—

"He does not appear to possess much inventive construction. He has burnt his epic or this would have settled the question. We would almost venture to predict that he will never write another, nor a five-act tragedy, nor a long heroic poem. Why should he?"

Why indeed? Has not Mr. Horne done all this, and does he not claim to be the equal of the Greek and Elizabethan dramatists? Tennyson would be superfluous, and Mr. Horne says, "certainly Tennyson is not at all dramatic."

Mr. Horne's paper on Tennyson is, however, the best in the book. He does partly appreciate him, but the magnificent portrait does much more than Mr. Horne's writing. It is emphatically the head of

the wisdom-poet, the master mind, above the littlenesses of humanity, and looking through every varied phase of nature and of art, ancient and modern—and yet more:

"I dipt into the Future far as human eye could see,  
Saw the Vision of the world and all the wonder that would be."

And withal a patriot loving his native land.

"It is the land that freemen till  
That sober suited Freedom chose,  
The land, where girt with friends or foes,  
A man may speak the thing he will."

\* \* \* \* \*

Of old sate Freedom on the heights,  
The thunders breaking at her feet;  
Above her shook the starry lights;  
She heard the torrents meet."

A statesman too, and a hero:

"Make Knowledge circle with the winds,  
But let her herald, Reverence, fly  
Before her to whatever sky  
Bear seed of men or growth of minds.

If New and Old, disastrous feud,  
Must ever shock, like armed foes,  
And this be true till Time shall close  
That Principles are rained in blood;

Not yet the wise of heart would cease  
To hold his hope through shame and guilt,  
But with his hand against the hilt,  
Would pace the troubled land, like Peace;

Not less, though dogs of Faction bay,  
Would serve his kind in deed and word,  
Certain, if knowledge bring the sword  
That knowledge takes the sword away—

Would love the gleams of good that broke  
From either side, nor veil his eyes;  
And if some dreadful need should rise  
Would strike, and firmly, and one stroke."

This is the impress of a MAN. A house of parliament of such men, were

"The Parliament of man, the Federation of the World."

A marvel, indeed, will this our England be, if ever such a parliament should assemble. It will be, in the words of Longfellow,

"The holy, and the happy, and the gloriously free."

Under the head of "Sheridan Knowles and William Macready" is embodied the true spirit and gist of Mr. Horne's paramount purpose in these two volumes.

"The Drama should be the concentrated Spirit of the Age."



That is to say, Mr. Horne's drama. Speaking of Knowles, the writer says—

"The age is domestic, and so is he. Comfort, not passionate imaginings, is the aim of every body, and he seeks to aid and gratify this love of comfort."

And so does Mr. Horne too, by his speculation on 300*l.* and 100*l.* for epics and tragedies, but there is a merit in his popularity which Mr. Horne does not penetrate. Sheridan Knowles is a man with a heart in his bosom, and that heart speaks in sympathy to the hearts of his audience in true words of passion.

The merits of all the minor stage authors who do not write epics or tragedies are handsomely acknowledged by the writer, but he says that "managers only regard them as a degree above street minstrels," and

"Herein is shadowed the fate of their mighty predecessors, and in the red herring and Rhenish banquet that killed Nash—in the tavern-brawling death of Marlowe—in the penury of Dekker—of Webster, who was a parish clerk—of Beaumont and Fletcher, and the distresses of nearly every one of the dramatists of their age, is to be found the symbol of the conduct which originality ever suffers."—Vol. ii. p. 92.

This seems to us very like bathos. What on earth have red herrings and tavern-brawlings to do with the matter? They were quite optional to Nash and Marlowe, and the latter Mr. Horne has made a tragedy hero of, out of the very tavern brawl which he seeks to lay on the poor managers.

To Talfourd is given some faint praise as a classicist. Of Sir E. L. Bulwer it is said—

"He can hardly be considered as a dramatist, having pursued this class of writing not from any strong internal gift and predominating influence, but rather as a man of first-rate talent and ingenuity who could produce any kind of literary article that might be in request."—Vol. ii. p. 103.

In the 'False Medium,' Mr. Horne expresses the direct contrary opinion to this. Now it is certain that Bulwer has been a successful dramatist in the 'Lady of Lyons,' and this seems to be the groundwork of the critic's anger. He cannot abide any one who may be a rival. Bulwer's plays, like those of Sheridan Knowles, are popular, be-

cause they have hearts in them; and they are, moreover, essentially the works of an artist. Compare 'Richelieu' with 'Cosmo,' and the difference will at once be perceived. The former is a thing of life; the latter is a piece of statuary.

The taste of the article on Macready is what might have been expected from an angry unacted dramatist of weak mind. No man of genius could have written it. Not a man "straitened in means," but straitened in soul, and working, not from high impulse, but for "remuneration," calculating on a "permanent 100*l.* per annum for life and due honors"—only such a man could have done this thing. We quote again:—

"But if the unacted drama be held in no regard by theatrical people, it is not much more esteemed by the majority of the public press. The slightest acted piece often has a long notice; whereas, of an unacted tragedy or comedy, any thing or nothing may be said, and any thing with impunity."—Vol. ii. p. 112.

To this is appended a foot note, stating that a certain unacted dramatist was not noticed by a professional critic, who, in "a fit of frank cordiality," said it was because he did not like the dramatist's whiskers. The *taste* of betraying this "frank cordiality" is questionable; but the dramatist might as well have stated at the same time that the "offending hair" was cut off, lest it should be a bar to a promised public employment where "my Lordés" sat as critics on appearance.

The statement that Macready went to America on account of bad success in London, is untrue. As regarded the public, Macready did not fail. It was the plundering system of compelling him to make up theatrical "properties" from his gains, that drove him away. He publicly stated himself, that as regarded his receipts they were ample. He labored only under the difficulty of "dead weight," paying interest on capital sunk and wasted under a monopoly. Could he have built a new theatre on the favorable terms of modern buildings, he would have grown rich beyond a doubt. The "wish" of the "unacted dramatist" is the "father to his thought." It is the petty feeling of a minor artist, seeking to gratify itself by mischief, in the spirit of "Swing," when burning down a haystack, or a disappointed dramatist, who "would burn down a theatre."

The cool egotistical assumption of this

writer, in supposing that a manager is bound to expend his property to produce the play of any dramatist who may present one, is very amusing. Much stress is laid on the superfluity of show—rich dresses, scenery, and decoration. If all these matters are indeed superfluous, why then the matter resolves itself into a very narrow compass. If the writing be the chief, and the acting merely an adjunct, let the unacted dramatists read their plays to the public at lecture rooms. Great interest is excited by lecturing on Shakspeare; and if the modern unacted dramatists be of the Elizabethan school, they will not fail to excite lecture audiences, testing the subject matter in a similar mode to that in which Molière tested his writings—by reading them to his cook. There is, to our apprehension, a great deal of quackery in the mystery preserved about new plays till they are produced on the stage. We should rather have all plays tested by publication and public reading previous to acting. We think this would be the best security against failure; far better than the *coterie* readings which take place at present, and which present the most remarkable instances of errors in judgment. At any rate, the extinction of the monopoly has now left the unacted dramatists without ground of complaint. The world is all before them where to choose; but we counsel them to bear in mind that actor-artists of genius may be stirred by as high a spirit as writer-artists. Insolent assumption of superiority is no mark of genius.

The services which Macready has rendered to the drama are not lightly to be passed by. He risked his own capital; he drove vice from his theatre. He established order in every department. A great actor and a poet-artist also, he was unsparing in expenditure. He produced new plays—the best that could be got; and if they failed, it was not his fault. The public knows of none better than he produced. He did not produce 'Cosmo' or 'Gregory,' neither have they been produced elsewhere, though all stages are now thrown open to all dramatic writing. And it is quite clear that he "has enemies, some for one thing, some for another, abstract or personal, public or private;" disappointed morbid vanity having no little to do with it. But gladly shall we behold his return to the management of a new theatre, wherein his perfect taste and thorough integrity to the texts of his dramatic authors may be developed in

unison with kindred spirits, actors, and authors, unshackled by monopoly and unworried by vanity. And we shall be glad if no future play be brought out, till it has stood the test of printing, publishing, and public reading.

Mr. Browning and Mr. Marston are both applauded as poets by Mr. Horne; but as to their plays, though acted, he thinks they are utter failures. To make amends for this, we are introduced to the acquaintance of a new Lope de Vega, a dramatic genius of the highest order as to quantity, one Mr. Powell, who writes "five act tragedies at three sittings."

"That he has *stuff* in him of a good kind, if fairly worked upon and with any justice done to its own nature, is evident; though it may be doubted from these specimens whether he will ever be a dramatist."

There is clearly but one "dramatist" in the openly-expressed opinion of Mr. Horne.

The article on Bulwer is got up in the style which Carlyle calls "valetud." "

We do not think this work will add to Mr. Horne's repute. The *animus* is of the same kind as that of the 'False Medium;' and as a *false medium* Mr. Horne will go forth to the public, not as a spirit of the age, not as a high spirit. We would it had been otherwise. We counsel him to abandon his craving for notoriety, and apply himself diligently to work, without regard to results. Shakspeare wrote thirty odd plays. Mr. Horne has written but three. Let him go on writing more. Let him lecture on them at all manner of Syncretic associations, which will save printing: and, above all, we counsel him to ponder on these lines of Tennyson:—

"Watch what main currents draw the years:  
Cut Prejudice against the grain:  
But gentle words are always gain:  
Regard the weakness of thy peers:

Nor toil for title, place, or touch  
Of pension; neither count on praise;  
It grows to guerdon after days;  
Nor deal in watchwords over much."

N. U. S.

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ROBOR CAROLINUM.—M. F. Senillosa writes from Buenos Ayres, date 3d December, 1843, that for six months the star *Robor carolinum* has appeared a star of the first class.



## ILLUSTRATIONS OF NATIONAL CUSTOMS.

## NO. I.—HEBREW.

TRANSLATED FROM THE MODERN SANSKRIT BY HEZEKIAH MOSS, ESQ.

From Frazer's Magazine.

## THE TEMPLE.

It was the vigil of the Sabbath day, and the evening star shone brilliantly on the Temple of Solomon, whose hundred portals were now sending forth (the sacred service being over) multitudes of Zion's children. Slowly they vanished away, like clouds over the valley of the Jordan; and the holy temple now appeared tenantless, with the exception of one votary, who, in a pensive and gloomy mood, remained leaning against a column, of which, by his death-like stillness, he seemed to be a part. From the gold-embroidered silks of India, which constituted his dress, his flowing beard partially silvered with age, his stately stature and noble countenance, it was easy to conclude that this man was amongst the loftiest of his tribe. He seemed yet buried in thought when the chief priest Assir, who had just taken off his officiating robes, passed him by, remarking with a smile of masked malignity, "Has Hophin, happy Hophin, forgotten that his young and lovely wife is anxiously awaiting his return?"

"Ha, Assir!" replied Hophin, startled from his reverie: then adding in a tone of assumed tranquillity, "my wife, good Assir, is passing the evening by the bedside of my niece, Rachel, who is dangerously ill."

"And, doubtless, you are now going to conduct to her home your fair spouse? At least you will not depute that pleasing duty to the orphan whom you adopted five years ago at the FEAST of the HUTS?"

"An act of humanity," replied Hophin evasively.

"Backed by the moving entreaties of your young wife," furtively sneered the high-priest.

"How could I do otherwise?" continued Hophin, with gathering gloom. "The '*Feast of the Huts*,' as you well know, is celebrated to bless the produce of the earth and to return thanksgiving to the DIVINE DONOR. Huts formed of branches are raised before our doors. In these we eat in common during the festival. It was at this feast that Ammiel came to our hut. How could I refuse hospitality to a famished child? for Ammiel was then but a child."

"But is so no longer," observed Assir, with studied indifference.

"It is exactly five years from this day," went on Hophin; "I was coming from the bath, when Ezela met me with her eyes glistening with tears, 'Oh! my lord,' she exclaimed, 'a child—a poor orphan is at your gate. No home, no friend, no refuge! Bless the first year of our union with a good work, and let the feast we are now celebrating be to your wife a memorial of her husband's generous bounty.' Ezela was so beautiful at this moment, that I promised to adopt the boy. I took him by the hand, seated him at my table, and called him 'son.' I hope I have never had reason to repent my conduct."

"I hope so, too," replied Assir, mysteriously.

"What mean you? Your voice sounds ominously?" said Hophin, whose usually pale cheek reddened up with a burning flush.

"Nay, I speak in my wonted tone," replied the priest.

"I know thee for my enemy," sharply rejoined Hophin.

"Your rival once, but your enemy never! The Lily of Hebron inflamed me with a passion such as few can feel. You were preferred to me; and, in the first moments of my despair, I owed you, perhaps, no very great good will; but *now*—poh! no more of this. Ezela is about twenty, I believe, and you are fifty, Hophin?"

"That is my age this very day," replied the husband of Ezela.

"Ezela is beautiful, mild, affectionate, but young and thoughtless."

"Assir!"

"I have a nephew at home, a fine stripling like your adopted son Ammiel. Now had I a wife so young, so beautiful as Ezela, why—women *will* make comparisons, and they seldom decide in favor of gray hairs."

The priest's words were arrows. His looks poisoned the barbs.

"Wretch, be silent!" at length burst forth Hophin. "Ezela is as pure as the snows of Hermon!"

"And who has said to the contrary, my good Hophin? As for me, I have not the slightest doubt of it; but other people say that they have seen and heard——"

"What?" roared Hophin, trembling in every nerve, and perspiring at every pore—"what have they heard?—what have they seen?"

"Only the gentle conversation and private meetings of Ammiel and Ezela upon the terrace."

"Serpent or demon!" replied Hophin, hissing with the suppressed fury of both, "if this be false, your life would be but as a drop in the cup of my revenge; but if true—*true!*—God of Israel, where am I? My reason wanders! Assir! for mercy's sake retract your words. Pluck from my mind these dreadful suspicions! say that Ezela is true, or, by my father's grave——"

"Ezela's truth and love can be easily and surely proved," calmly interrupted Assir.

"How?" gasped Hophin.

"By one of our pious ceremonies now almost obsolete; but which, on this occasion, I would wish to revive."

"What ceremony?"

"I will explain it to you as we go along. Come," said Assir, familiarly passing his arm under Hophin's. "The night advances, and Ezela is not yet at home."

#### THE TERRACE.

It was late at night when Hophin, striding rapidly through the principal streets of Jerusalem, arrived at his door, which was immediately opened by an old female slave.

"Where is Ezela?" demanded he, with a voice so altered, that the old slave raised her lamp to his face, doubting that it was her master who spoke.

"Where is Ezela?" hoarsely repeated Hophin.

"My lord, upon the terrace;" and the slave bowed to the dust.

"Alone?" muttered Hophin, as if dreading the reply.

"No, my lord; the young Ammiel is with her."

In an instant Hophin was on the terrace. One rapid glance drank in the whole scene.

The night was oriental in its fairest attributes; clear, calm, and beautiful. Myriads of stars sparkled in the deep blue heavens, forming the retinue of the crescent moon slowly rising from the waves of "the Great Sea." At one extremity of the terrace female slaves were seated on straw mats, and spoke in low murmurs; at the other end Ezela, unveiled, and reclining on cushions, sang, in a low soft voice, one of David's canticles. Ammiel was seated at her feet, and their attitudes changed not at the presence of Hophin! Ezela sang. Ammiel gazed on her, and listened; but Hophin, with a voice as from the tomb, slowly articulated, "Why have you left the house of Rachel before I came to conduct you hither?"

"My lord," replied Ezela, the tears clinging to her silken eyelids, "Rachel is much better. The night was growing late, and Ammiel accompanied me home."

"Ammiel, Ammiel!" repeated Hophin, using the word as a stimulant to his rage; "and what brought *Ammiel* thither?"

Pale and trembling, Ezela answered not; but Ammiel, starting to his feet, replied, "My father! I went to meet you and Ezela; but, not finding you at Rachel's house, we believed that you had returned home in our absence, and therefore we hastened hither to rejoin you."

"It is well," coldly observed Hophin, seating himself on the cushions, and concealing under a tranquil air the suspicions gnawing at his heart. Drawing Ezela to his side, and passing his arm around her waist, till his fingers pressed insidiously upon the life-pulse of her spotless breast, he continued,—

"Ammiel, my son, thou art now eighteen years of age?"

"Since the last moon," replied Ammiel, in perplexity.

"Ammiel, thou art now a man. It were foul shame for thee to pass thy days in the apartments of women."

"What would my father say? I am an orphan. On earth I have no other friend than you and Ezela," added he, sadly looking at the young woman, who smiled as sadly in return.

Hophin pressed so tightly the arm of Ezela, that she uttered a cry of pain. Regardless of this, her husband sternly continued,—

"The king of Israel now lives in peace; but peace has need of soldiers even as war."

"Now I understand my father," proudly replied Ammiel. "Let it be to-morrow,—let it be this hour: I am ready to depart."

"No, no, Ammiel!" suddenly exclaimed Ezela; "leave not this roof. Choose some other profession than the cruel one of war."

"Woman!" thundered Hophin, "give your advice when asked!"

The silence which succeeded the loud and furious words weighed heavily even on the slaves crouching in whispering groups at the other extremity of the terrace.

"Ezekiel, the captain of the king's guards, is my friend and kinsman. He will receive you to-morrow in his corps. Ammiel, you depart to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" involuntarily sighed Ezela.

"Well! what next? Pray continue."



This may be the last opportunity ;" and Hophin smiled maliciously.

"You hurt me, my lord," said Ezela, in a low voice (his poniard-hilt pressed rudely against her side),—"you hurt me;" and she endeavored to disengage her person from his coil.

"Stay!" shouted Hophin; and the adjoining terraces reverberated successively the sound. Ezela seemed petrified to a beautiful statue. A flash of indignation gleamed from the large blue eyes of the orphan; but, suppressing his bitter emotion, he demanded at what hour he should receive his instructions.

"At two hours after sunrise," coldly replied Hophin.

Without another word, Hophin, Ezela, and the orphan Ammiel, separated for the night; the trembling slaves slowly following. No sound was heard save the step and voice of the warder on the walls, or the distant gurgling of the Kedron. The cloudless stars shone down upon the deserted terrace; gradually they waned away toward the palm-clad shores of Phœnicia; and soon the mountains of Moriah hailed the cheerful day-dawn,—cheerful to all but the wretched, whose sleepless eyes turn away from the blessed beams as from a ghastly mockery.

#### THE BANKS OF THE KEDRON.

But long before day-break, Assir, the high-priest, and Hophin, chief of the tribe of Naphthali, were slowly walking on the margin of the Kedron, or "Dark Rivulet," which darts its darkling way through the valley of Hinnom. Pressing almost convulsively his companion's arm, Hophin eagerly asked,—

"But is the 'test of the bitter waters' infallible?"

"Infallible beyond the shadow of suspicion."

"My reason refuses to believe it," demurred the layman.

"The power of Jehovah is infinite!" The priest bowed low.

"And yet, if Ezela should prove innocent?" mused Hophin.

"She would appear more beautiful from the ordeal," complimented the priest.

"But if guilty?"

"Her body would soon become swollen, and death would instantly succeed."

"Assir!" said the husband, casting a gloomy glance on the dark waters rolling

at his feet, "Ezela must die! You understand me."

"Justice shall be done on the guilty;" and the priest bowed again.

"Assir, you are a doctor of the law, and even so am I. But you are also a priest, and so am not I. Speak we undisguisedly. Speak not as a high-priest to an ignorant Levite, but as man to man."

So saying, he sat down upon the trunk of a storm-uprooted cedar; and, approaching his lips towards the ears of the high-priest, whispered, in a hiss of torture,—

"Assir, I am betrayed! Ezela loves Ammiel! You see this poniard. Last night it was within a hair-breadth of drinking the life-blood of the wanton and her paramour. You shudder, Assir, and you are right. The deed were brutal, so I checked myself to enjoy a sweeter vengeance. Assir, Ezela must die, yet not in the darkness of night, but in the glare of noon-day,—not assassinated by my slaves, or by my own hand, but by thine, good Assir, by the draught of the "bitter waters" in the midst of the Temple, and before the face of all Israel. Thou understandest?"

"To none but the guilty are the waters terrible," solemnly replied the priest.

"And yet, had I been high-priest, good Assir, they should be terrible to whomsoever I pleased," insinuated Hophin.

But the hint fell stillborn, apparently, for the priest's eye was imperturbable as the tomb.

"The sand which I mix with the waters is collected from the floor of the sanctuary. I mix with the sand certain burnt herbs, and prepare two cups, one for the wife, the other for her husband."

"You mark *one* of these cups good Assir?"

Their eyes met. A flash of demon joy gleamed, for a moment, in the eyes of the high-priest, then left them more lurid than before, as darkness after lightning. A fiendish thought seemed to mark, as with a brand, his forehead, piercing through the prophylact, and burning in the brain.

"The laborer deserves his hire," muttered Assir.

Hophin drew from his bosom a gold-embroidered purse, and presented it to the high-priest.

"But, before I act, remarked the latter, "I must previously ascertain whether Ezela deserves the death you doom her to. I desire to have an hour's converse with her alone."

"Never!" exclaimed Hophin, starting at the thought.

"Then seek from some other 'the ordeal of the bitter waters,' prepared in the manner *you* wish them to be. Peace be with you!" And the priest arose from the prostrate cedar, as if about to depart.

"Hold! Assir," groaned Hophin, struggling with his passions; "you have my secret. When would you wish to speak with Ezela?"

"When the evening prayer is said."

"Then be it so."

And, without word, look, or salute, they separated.

#### THE DEPARTURE.

While the machinations of Sathanas were thus concocting by the waters of the Kedron, the rays of the rising sun found Ezela and the young Israelite clasped in each other's arms on the terrace where the scene of the last evening had passed.

"My brother, my dear and only brother, all must be revealed to Hophin. Ammiel, you must not be sacrificed!" And Ezela sobbed bitterly.

"But the dying words of our mother must be obeyed. Ezela, she knew not at first that I lived, that I was saved from the shipwreck where our father perished; otherwise she would not have willed you all the property, half of which was legally mine."

"Yet, Ammiel, when she knew you were alive, why did she conceal your existence, and rob you of your just patrimony?"

"Hush! my sister. A mother's pride, and she was most proud in having Hophin for her son, led her to this error, besides the disgrace of Hophin's refusal, had you only half the dowry proposed. I regret not the loss. Your marriage was celebrated, and you accompanied your husband to Jerusalem."

"And you, my poor brother, art cast penniless on the world for my account. Oh! Ammiel, let me read once more the last injunctions of our mother. They may strengthen me in this hour of trial."

Ammiel took a scroll of parchment from his bosom, and Ezela read, with sorrowful agitation, her mother's letter:—

"To Ammiel.

"My son, when you return to the home of your fathers you will find it desolate. Your dying mother confesses she has robbed you, and added to the robbery a lie. Forgive me,

my son! From the grave I implore your forgiveness. Let not my memory be brought to shame, nor your sister to reproach, by revealing the secret which weighs heavily on my heart at this my dying hour. Go to thy sister; tell her all. May the God of Israel support thee and her to keep inviolate the secret of thy mother.

"SHIRAZ."

"Thus, Ezela," sighed Ammiel, taking back the parchment, "our mother's secret must be kept, even to the death."

"But, Ammiel, my brother, hear me. Leave not Jerusalem this morning, nor even to-morrow. I implore you to grant me this favor. Some horrible presentiment chills me as with a death-damp. Stay, Ammiel," she repeated, enfolding him in her arms. "Wait till to-morrow eve near the tower of David. I shall either come myself, or send a slave to thee."

"Well, I promise thee, Ezela. Trust thy brother!"

A shadow crossed the sunshine on the terrace. Ammiel started, and suddenly disengaged himself from his sister's farewell embrace. Hophin stalked forward.

"Pardon our tears and our last farewell, my lord. Ezela has been a sister to me; to her I owe the protection you have so nobly granted to a poor orphan. Be not offended at my grief;" and Ammiel turned aside in sorrow.

"Wherefore should I?" coldly responded Hophin. "But enough of this. Take you these three purses of gold, you will find my best horse ready caparisoned in the court-yard. Depart for the army. Farewell!"

Ammiel was about to refuse the gifts of Hophin, but a look from Ezela altered his intention. Receiving the purses, and casting one look on Ezela, he uttered,—

"My lord, I accept these gifts as from a brother; and now the God of Israel watch over you."

Ammiel rapidly departed.

"And now, woman, for *thy* destiny!" hoarsely muttered Hophin, leading his wife to her apartments.

#### THE PILGRIM.

Sadly leaning on the marble balustrade which enclosed the terrace of Hophin's mansion, Ezela was gazing intently on a dark and vertical streak which curiously appeared to bisect the setting sun. This was the tower of David, where Ammiel was to await her instructions.



Her thoughts were interrupted by the entrance of a slave, who, touching the ground with his forehead, announced that a pilgrim requested hospitality.

"See, then, to his wants," hastily replied Ezela, resuming her gaze towards David's Tower.

"The pilgrim requests a private interview," said the slave, returning.

"Where is thy master?" inquired Ezela.

"At evening prayer," replied the slave.

"I receive no persons in his absence. Depart!"

The slave departed, but in a few minutes reappeared, and lowly uttered,—

"The pilgrim requests this interview in the name of humanity."

"In vain!" replied Ezela, in a tone of annoyance.

"For the sake of your life, which is in danger."

"Leave my presence," proudly commanded the young matron.

"In the name of your husband."

"I cannot see this man," said Ezela, hesitatingly.

"In the name of the orphan Ammiel."

"Bid him enter immediately," rapidly answered Ezela, veiling her flushed features.

And Assir entered.

"Daughter of Shiraz!" mildly began the priest, "your mother spurned me as your suitor. Hophin, the wealthy and powerful Hophin, was preferred to the poor priest Assir. But that is past. I come not hither to reproach; no, I come to save you."

"How, Assir! what means this mystery?"

"Thou shalt hear. The demon of jealousy has seized on your husband's heart. To-morrow you shall be summoned by my voice to the temple and compelled to undergo the 'ordeal of the bitter waters.' Terrible will be the trial!"

"I fear it not," replied Ezela unmoved.

"And thou wert right, Ezela," rejoined the priest, "if it had been the hand of God that prepared the waters; but the hand of man—"

"Thy hand, good Assir! is it not?"

"Yea, even mine," and the priest seemed sunk in thought.

"Speak, Assir, I implore you. You are trembling, and your looks are those of the dead."

"Listen, then, daughter of Shiraz. Your husband desires your death, and by his order I am to poison one of the two cups," said the priest in a voice barely audible.

"Satanic slanderer!" replied the young wife, her eyes flashing and her bosom heaving with indignant emotion.

"Seest thou this purse? Dost thou recognize it? It is full of gold; my reward for your death."

Ezela instantly recognized the purse which her own hands had wrought and presented to Hophin. The hot tears came gushing through her veil.

"But it shall be the reward of his death, if thou wilt it," said the priest, insidiously approaching her. Promise, beautiful Ezela, to be my bride, and Hophin shall quaff the poisoned cup, leaving thee a widow to-morrow."

"Infamous assassin!" indignantly burst forth Ezela, as she rushed from the terrace.

A moment after, and before Assir had recovered from his discomfiture, a slave hurriedly conducted him from the terrace to the court-gate. There the husband of Ezela met the high-priest. Their eyes met, and the meeting of their eyes would have delighted man's enemy to behold.

"To-morrow!" muttered Hophin.

"Ay, to-morrow!" and the priest hurried on.

#### THE ORDEAL.

It was noon; not a cloud obscured the azure heavens. The sun shone down in all his power and beauty on the domes of Jerusalem, "the vision of peace," (and a vision of peace has it been from its foundation to the present day.) Crowds thronged through the gates of Solomon's Temple, eagerly anxious to witness the ordeal of the bitter waters. The women occupied exclusively the galleries, the men filled nearly to suffocation the body of the temple. Silence seemed to shudder as the high-priest appeared slowly ascending the steps of the tabernacle. As soon as he had stood in front of the holy ark he bowed him to the ground and then stepped back.

A few moments elapsed and he was followed by a man and a woman. The former in gloomy abstraction kept his eyes fixed upon the unleavened cake which he carried between his hands. The woman walked upon the left side of the man, her person being entirely covered by a white woollen veil. The swan of the Euphrates never appeared more graceful.

A brief pause ensued, when the husband, placing the cake upon the altar, uttered aloud, "The spirit of jealousy possesses

my heart. I demand for my wife the test of the bitter waters."

"Thy demand is granted," said the high-priest.

"And, therefore," resumed Hophin, "have I brought this barley-cake, unmixed with oil or spices, a cake of jealousy and a memorial of iniquity. Let the guilty perish!"

"Wife of Hophin, approach," intoned the high-priest. And Ezela walked forward.

A young Levite takes two cups filled with blessed water and places them before the priest. Assir collects some grains of sand from the floor of the sanctuary and slowly casts them into each cup, accompanying the act with a few lowly-uttered words. Then advancing towards the wife of Hophin he removes her veil, and the temple shone as with the beauty of a seraph.

"Oh! mercy and pardon for the young and beautiful," burst from the lips of the men.

The women were mute upon the occasion.

Regardless of this incident, the priest continued his dreadful office. Taking the cake from the husband's hands, and closely approaching Ezela, he whispered, "It is not yet too late. Consent to be my wife; say but one word, Ezela, and thou art free."

"Priest, perform thy duty!" indignantly murmured Ezela. Then raising her radiant eyes to heaven, she added fervently, "God of Israel, protect me!"

"Daughter of Shiraz! wife of Hophin!" said Assir, aloud, "if thou art chaste in thought and deed, be thou unscathed by these waters. But if otherwise, may these waters which thou shalt drink prove thy last draught upon earth?" Then taking the cup and placing it within her trembling hands added, with a fiendish emphasis, "Drink, spouse of Hophin."

Ezela looked at the cup, and then at her husband. His scornful glance aroused her gentle spirit. "People of Israel!" said the victim, with a voice that thrilled through the columns of the temple, but not through the heart of Hophin. "Men, who judge me, and ye women, who hear me, I swear that I am innocent, that my heart is pure, and my tongue a stranger to falsehood. And yet I dread this trial, for the malice of men may be taken for the judgment of God. May the Lord pardon my enemies. I pardon them from my soul." Then rais-

ing the cup to her lips, she drank its contents. For a moment her beautiful eyes were directed towards the roof of the temple, then slowly sinking upon the vast and awe-stricken multitude, she recognized her brother, and faintly exclaimed, "Ammiel, dear Ammiel, farewell!"

"Hophin! thy turn has come," said Assir, presenting the other cup.

At that moment Ammiel rushed through the crowd, caught the fainting Ezela in his arms, and exclaimed, "Who dare accuse my sister?"

"Thy sister!" repeated Hophin, dropping the cup, which broke in a thousand fragments on the pavement.

"Read," said Ammiel, presenting his mother's letter.

Hophin spoke not. He dreaded being accused as the murderer of Ezela.

Assir approached and whispered, "The poison was not in the cup of Ezela!"

"In which, then?" gasped Hophin, recoiling.

"In neither!" replied the high-priest, fixing his eyes on the broken cup with a look of savage disappointment.

Ezela, recovering from her swoon, kissed her husband's hand, and the forehead of her brother. Assir shrunk away from the scene as a foul bird from the light of day. All the men, save the high-priest, blessed the beautiful, and all the women envied her. "A moral phenomenon," saith our chronicler, "by no means confined to the Valley of Jehoshaphat."

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**MAGNETIC DYNAMOMETER.**—Its form is that of a rectangular frame set up vertically. On the lower cross-piece is fixed a horse-shoe electro-magnet with its points upwards, the armature of which is at the centre annular, and to it a dynamometric index is attached by means of a hook. One end of a cord fastened to a ring in the dynamometer passes through a hole in the upper cross-piece, and round the axle of a wheel arranged above the frame. When the wheel is turned until the armature be detached, the index of the dynamometer shows the figure of the dial at which the point of the instrument stopped. This figure, deducting the weight of the armature, which remains suspended to the ring of the dynamometer, gives the exact measure of the electro-magnetic force.—*Literary Gazette.*



## MEMORY.

From Frazer's Magazine.

It was in the gardens of the Tuileries that I met with an old college friend. He was promenading a young lady, who seemed to me to have some difficulty in making herself understood, and still more in understanding her cavalier. They soon parted company, and my old acquaintance came up to me, and complained of the difficulties he found in speaking the French language. "I always had a bad memory, you know, but I can remember *facts* better than *words*." I should have instantly recognized my man by this expression alone. He went by the name of "The Man of Facts" when he was at College; and it was to this alone that he ascribed all superiority. To possess more facts than one's neighbor was to have the greatest advantage over him. When asked how he got through his examination, he replied, "Well enough;" but regretted that he had not so many facts as the professors who examined him; and he sighed for his want of memory.

Now, nothing can be more erroneous than were his ideas upon the subject. A man may possess an immense number of facts, and be a very great goose. There are two kinds of memory,—the one purely mechanical, which those possess who retain names, dates, and some facts,—the other is the result of an impression made upon the feelings; and the complaint of want of memory is in general nothing more than obtuseness of an important portion of the intellectual faculties. Few clever men complain of want of memory, or find difficulty in retaining those things which form a part or parcel of their intellectual enjoyments.

The lover of poetry may not be able to recollect when the battle was precisely fought, but if he have ever read Campbell's "Hohenlinden," he can never forget it. He may have read it but once, may not be able to repeat a line of it, but there it is indelibly impressed upon his feelings—he can call it up when he pleases. It is as much his own as the author's. The man without memory or without susceptibility of impression, which is almost synonymous, may have read it many times, and yet know nothing about it; his eyes have passed over it, but it has not passed through those portals to be indelibly stamped upon the sensorium. His ear may, perhaps, again recognize the sound of the words, but still the thing itself has escaped his memory, and from the best of all reasons—that it was never there. The want of memory of which such complain, may be compared to Falstaff's deafness, "Rather out, please you. It is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal."

He who has summed up every thing and placed all things in their true light, has not been wanting in the true definition of memory. When the Ghost says to Hamlet, "Remem-

ber me," he replies, "Yes, as long as memory holds a place in this distracted globe."

Here is precisely what we contend for, viz. that true memory is made up of impression. Such is implied in the tone of Hamlet's reply, that it would be impossible to forget it, that nothing less than the dissolution of the moral and physical world could prevent him from remembering the scene which he had just witnessed. It became hereafter no matter of will with him to do so. To tell him to forget it or to remember it, would be synonymous. It formed from that time a portion of his moral existence, inseparable but by general dissolution. It is precisely the same in other matters, that which has made a very strong impression is never forgotten; it may not always be at hand, but it is still there: circumstances may again call it forth, fresh as it was deposited in the storehouse of the mind. The man without memory is the man whose mind is not organized to receive such impressions as excite those sensations which guarantee durability; such as read the book and lay it down, and forget where they left off; a state which may occur to all at times, when the mind may be preoccupied, but which is habitual with those who complain of bad memories. In these arguments a healthy state of body and mind are presupposed, for by nothing is the faculty of memory so impaired as by physical derangements. It may be annihilated by organic affections, or it may be suspended, or go to sleep. It may happen that the power of speech and the use of language be annulled, that all moral existence may seem extinguished, whilst the physical powers continue their functions; but when the causes operating these effects shall have been removed, then shall blest memory return with all its force to the point where its functions had been suspended. The following case, quoted from the lectures of the late Sir Astley Cooper, illustrates this position in a most satisfactory manner:—A sailor falling from the yard-arm was taken up insensible, and carried into the hospital in Gibraltar, where he remained in the same state for many months; he was conveyed from thence to England, and admitted into St. Thomas's Hospital.

"He lay upon his back with very few signs of life, breathing, his pulse beating, some motion in his fingers, but, in all other respects, apparently deprived of all powers of mind, volition, or sensation. Upon the examination of his head a depression was discovered, and he was trephined at a period of thirteen months and a few days after the accident. The man sat up in his bed four hours after the operation, and, being asked if he felt pain, immediately put his hand to his head. In four days from this time he was able to get out of bed and converse, and in a few more days he was able to say where he came from, and remembered meeting with the accident; but from that time up to the period when the operation was performed (*i. e.* for a period of thirteen months and upwards) his mind remained in a perfect state of oblivion."

Nothing was remembered which occurred between the periods of the infliction of the wound which caused the pressure and the removal of the piece of bone which produced it, because nothing during that long time had made any impression on the sensorium. There was a distinct separation of animal from moral existence.

Mr. Herbert Mayo has published a case of double consciousness with temporary loss of memory. It is rather complicated in a meta-physical point of view, but proves satisfactorily the power of impression. There was no loss of memory where the former had had its due influence. Some physical impediment in the circulation operated to prevent its manifestation at will; but it was there, and as soon as the obstruction was removed memory again triumphed.

I believe, therefore, that we are not far from wrong in accusing our friend of that want of perception and of impression which so much limited the number of his facts that he retained but very few; and his complaint against his memory was unjust and ill-founded, inasmuch as the food with which it is nourished must be duly digested and assimilated before it form an integrant part of that intellectual state which seldom complains of want of memory.

#### BANQUET TO THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA.

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."

From the Spectator.

THE Duke of Wellington's position at the East India Directors' dinner to Sir Henry Hardinge, on Wednesday, recalls the image of the captive French King in the tent of the Black Prince. The duke was the hero of the evening; Sir Henry, the nominal hero, laid all the honor of the banquet at the duke's feet; the chairman was lavish in his eulogiums of the duke; the great end and aim of the speechification was to soothe the duke. And yet, amid all this homage, the impertinent idea would recur, that the duke was sitting at the hospitable board of the Board that had checkmated him.

The duke, in return, was grimly civil. In his speech—returning thanks for the toast of himself and the army—there was, to be sure, not one word about indiscretion; but, rigidly scrutinized, not one word of decided compliment to his entertainers will be found in it. No; though he sat at their table—though all the delicacies of the season, and all the flat-teries of half-a-dozen seasons, were showered upon him—not one word of his House-of-Lords philippic was even by implication unsaid by him. Not an expression positively unkind

escaped him—but not a kind one either. The bright armor of the French monarch could not have received with more polished coldness and rigidity the blandishments of his youthful captor.

The new governor-general, while apparently bent alone upon soothing his veteran chief, contrived adroitly to pay his court to the directors. The skilful and tortuous climax with which he rose from a panegyric on the Indian army, to dilate upon his own ultra-transcendental pacific disposition, was an unspeakable relief to the assembled chairs. The Board was heard to draw a long sigh of unutterable relief. Each chair muttered to itself, in unpremeditated concert with its fellows—"Public opinion is right; Sir Henry will be a *safe* governor of India."

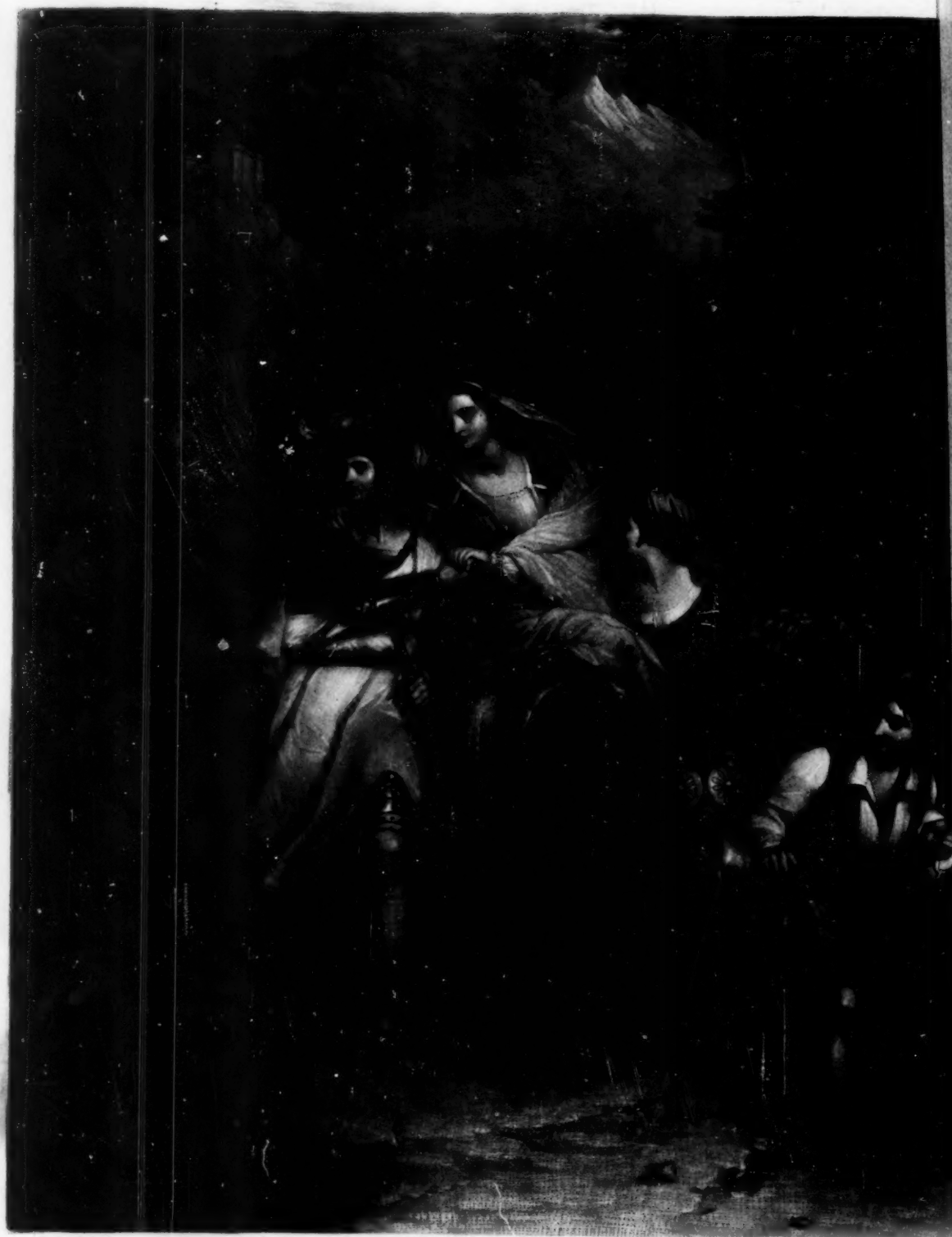
Oh the faithlessness of chairs as well as of sitters upon chairs! Three little years have not passed since Lord Ellenborough was feasted with as much *empressement* as now Sir Henry Hardinge; yet on Wednesday his name was not once named, even by the Duke of Wellington; and, what was worse, words rife with implied charges against him superabounded. Sir Henry Hardinge's vehement protestations of pacific policy, his reiterated professions of deference to the Directors, and Sir Robert Peel's magnanimous declarations against any change in the constitution of our Indian government, all indicated where the shoe pinched under the late Governor-General. No one knew what Lord Ellenborough might take into his head next; and Lord Ellenborough, not contented with setting the fee-farm of his masters the directors constantly on the hazard, was barely civil to them when they remonstrated.

So, as far as ministers and directors can do it, Lord Ellenborough is quietly shelved. Whether he will sit quietly down under this on his return, remains to be seen. Doubts appear to be entertained on that head. Nay, from the unwonted despatch with which his successor proceeds to the scene of action; it might almost seem to be expected that Lord Ellenborough, unlike the "good army" of Bombastes Furioso, might "kick up a row" before he allowed himself to be disbanded.

APPLICATION.—Every man of eminence, who writes his own biography, explicitly avows that he is unconscious of any other reason for having attained proficiency in his pursuits than *intense application*. Supposing a fair share of natural endowments to be given, an ardent desire to excel will certainly overcome many difficulties. In the autobiography of the late Mr. Abraham Raimbach, an eminent engraver in London, just published, we find an additional corroboration of this view. "All true excellence in art is, in my humble opinion, to be chiefly attributed to an early conviction of the inadequacy of all means of improvement in comparison with that of *self-acquired knowledge*."







*Printed by C.L. Eastlake R.A.*

## ESCAPE OF CARRARA.

*Engraved for the ECLECTIC MUSEUM by John Sartain.*



## THE ESCAPE OF FRANCESCO DA CARRARA, SOVEREIGN OF PADUA.

PAINTED BY CHARLES LOCK EASTLAKE, R. A., F. R. S.

As the Plate in this No. needs illustration, we subjoin a brief notice.

This subject, from the History of the Italian States in the Middle Ages, is full of deep interest; and the picture, when exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1834, excited much attention, though the particular story was not, perhaps, generally known; the observers felt sympathy for the fugitives of rank, represented in difficulty and danger, and admiration for the picture as a work of art.

The tale is found in the History of Padua of the 14th century, by Galeazzo and Andrea Gataro, the historians of the house of Carrara. Their manuscripts, in the Este Library, were first printed by Muratori, who says, in a preface, that of all the histories he had collected, this would be the most likely to reward the reader's attention; and Mr. Percival, in his History of Italy, speaking of the last sovereign of Padua (the hero of the present subject) and of his lady, says, "The story of their sufferings and hair-breadth escapes, by Andrea Gataro, is more interesting than any romance, from the simple air of truth which pervades it." An abridgment of this chronicle was published by David Syme, Esq., in Edinburgh, 1830.

Francesco Novella da Carrara, when heir to the sovereignty of Padua, was detained with his wife Taddea d'Este, and a few followers, at Asti, by Galeazzo Visconti, Duke of Milan. The Governor of Asti soon informed his noble guest that Visconti had given secret orders for his assassination. The flight of the prisoners was agreed on;

but, even in order to reach Florence, (to cross to Padua or Ferrara being out of the question,) they were obliged to penetrate into France, and then get to the coast. The emissaries of Visconti were every where on the watch; and the dangers the little party encountered before they reached Florence, Madonna Taddea being then enciente, and ill too, from fatigue, make up one of the most interesting chapters of the story of Gataro. The picture represents the escape of the fugitives, from the pursuit of the Podestà of Ventimiglia, by a narrow pass on the mountain-side which skirts the deep ravine of the Roya above that town. The shrinking fear of the boy who leads the mule, the alarm of the lady's attendant, and her own expression of pain and suffering as she leans on her gallant lord, who is ready in the extremity of danger to guard her from the approaching enemy, seen in the depths of the ravine below—disclose a moment of the deepest anxiety. They were overtaken, but fought their way to the shore, and ultimately escaped.

The period is the latter part of the 14th century. At the commencement of the 15th, in 1406, Francesco Novella, with all his sons, was put to death by the Venetians in cold blood. He kept at bay five officers and twenty executioners for some time, before they subdued and strangled him in his dungeon. Particulars can be found in Harpers' Family Library, No. XLII.

The picture was painted for James Morrison, Esq., and is now in his possession.